

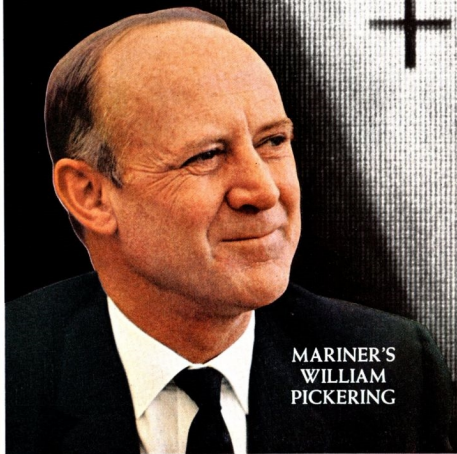
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

JULY 23, 1965

TAKING THE MEASURE OF MARS

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



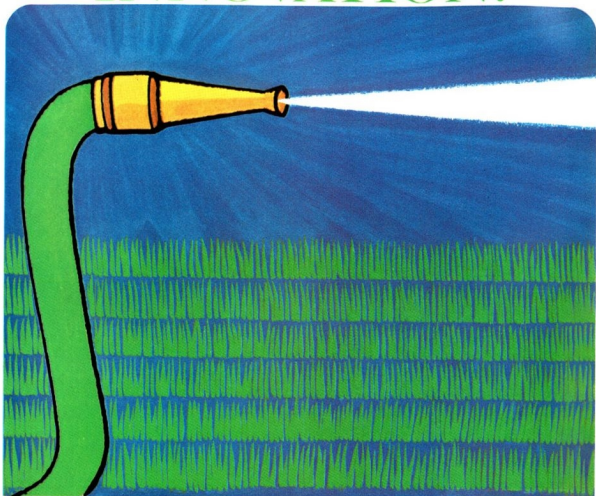
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VOL. 86 NO. 4

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

INNOVATION!



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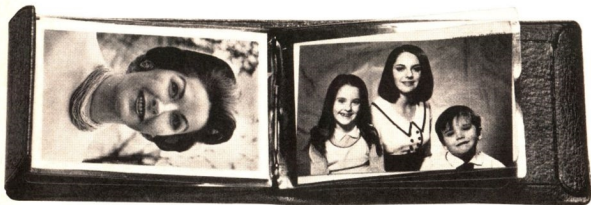
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That means a one-way ticket between, say, New York and California would cost a husband \$145.10, before taxes. But his wife's ticket would cost \$96.80, and the children's tickets only \$48.40 each. For a family of four, that's about \$85 per person.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, July 21

ABC SCOPE (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). "Harlem: Summer '65": Jesse Gray, Adam Clayton Powell, James Shabazz and other Negro leaders discuss the possibilities of more Harlem riots this year.

Friday, July 23

FDR (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). "Going Home": Roosevelt's death at Warm Springs, Ga., on April 12, 1945, with reminiscences by Elliott Roosevelt, Anna Roosevelt, Laura Delano and Henry A. Wallace.

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Lee Marvin, Patrick O'Neal and Polly Bergen try to win the America's Cup on soapy seas. Color. Repeat.

Saturday, July 24

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5:30-6:30 p.m.). A climb up the Matterhorn in Switzerland and water-skiing at Pine Mountain, Ga.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn and Anthony Franciosa in *Wild Is the Wind* (1957).

MISS UNIVERSE BEAUTY PAGEANT (CBS, 11:15-1:30 p.m.). Sally Ann Howes is hostess to the 14th annual event in Miami Beach. Live, but rarely lively.

Sunday, July 25

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 5:30-6:30 p.m.). Interviewed at the Governors' Conference in Minneapolis: Governors Grant Sawyer of Nevada, Karl Rolvaag of Minnesota, John Connally of Texas, William Scranton of Pennsylvania, Mark Hatfield of Oregon, and Robert Smylie of Idaho.

NBC SPORTS IN ACTION (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Two French events: the Grand Prix at Clermont-Ferrand, the steeplechase at Auteuil.

THE SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Billy Wilder's *One, Two, Three* (1961), in which James Cagney plays a Coca-Cola exec fighting the ice-cold war in Berlin with poison that refreshes.

Monday, July 26

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). In "The Bow Wow Affair," THURSH tries a push with some pooches, but Napoleon Solo and Illya have the last bark. Repeat.

THEATER

While most of the season's offerings have entered the archives, the fittest few have survived for summer theatergoers:

On Broadway

THE GLASS MENAGERIE. Although shadowed by miscasting, Tennessee Williams' 20-year-old drama is still evocative and haunting.

HALF A SIXPENCE, a musical adaptation of H. G. Wells's *Kipps*, gets its glitter from Tommy Steele, a toothy grin that sings and dances, and is proving to be one of England's more popular exports.

THE ODD COUPLE. Two men breaking out of wedlock find the freedom of re-

gained bachelorhood more agony than ecstasy. Walter Matthau and Art Carney are hilarious as mismatched roommates. LUV. Murray Schisgal displays three contemporary id's indulging in a slapstick conversational orgy, and in the process brilliantly satirizes the playwrights of the absurd.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. In Bill Manhoff's screechingly funny comedy, Diana Sands is more tiger than kitten as a prostitute who unstuffs a stuffy book clerk (Alan Alda).

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. Zero Mostel gives body to a spirited hit musical derived from Sholom Aleichem's tale of Tevye and his five daughters, their joys and troubles in a czarist Russian village.

Off Broadway

LIVE LIKE PIGS. Violence erupts when a band of nomads is forced to settle in a housing development in the north of England. British Playwright John Arden makes an auspicious U.S. debut with a boisterous and stunning play.

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE, by Samuel Beckett, and **THE ZOO STORY,** by Edward Albee. Two fledgling classics—one about an old has-been, the other about a young never-will-be—are unsettling and provocative.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER. The Porter wit and worldly wisdom shine through his lesser-known songs in this bright and bouncy revue.

VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE. Arthur Miller's brooding tragedy fuses Greek themes with the story of a Brooklyn longshoreman and his family.

THE ROOM AND A SLIGHT ACHE. Harold Pinter's one-acters are opaque finger exercises on the theme of dread.

RECORDS

Ballads & Broadway

NANCY WILSON TODAY—MY WAY (Capitol). These are hit songs of the last couple of years, and most of them have never had it so good. All Nancy Wilson's celebrated virtues—polish, vitality and intelligence, mixed with a dash of the late Dinah Washington—are much in evidence. She sings with such relish that the listener feels sure that she would be belting them out all the time for fun even if it hadn't made her rich.

FLORA, THE RED MENACE (RCA Victor). Liza and lyrics are the story here, Liza Minnelli, when she isn't trying to break the Streisand barrier, is sprightly and winning with a talent for singing a song from the inside plus a little of the Rex Harrison magic with talk songs. This is fortunate since Composer John Kander's Broadway score is notable mainly for recitatives and some Brechtian impressions. Fred Ebb's lyrics have drive and irony appropriate for hungry young people looking for jobs and ideologies to cling to.

BOBBY VINTON SINGS FOR LONELY NIGHTS (Epic). Bobby remembers that in his high school there were 300 shy introverts for every ten successes. He aims at the 300, and the assault is awesome. Backed by a big orchestra, a diaphanous chorus and an echo chamber, Vinton takes the most self-pitying lyrics imaginable and invests them with beat and warmth. A

teen-ager could get a crush on any one of them.

JACK JONES: MY KIND OF TOWN (Kapp). Jack's town is filled with melody but is still uninhabited. Timing, phrasing, diction, breath control are all estimable but no personality emerges. He is at ease with ballads, blues and patter songs, and when he learns to let go with the lyrics he may become the great interpreter that admirers like Frank Sinatra have predicted he will be.

DO I HEAR A WALTZ? (Columbia). This musical adaptation of *The Time of the Cuckoo* is far from Rodgers' best, but still it is a pleasant score and shows off admirably the talents of Elizabeth Allen, Sergio Franchi and Carol Bruce. Almost alone among current musical comedy composers, Rodgers understands the human voice and writes for it lovingly. This love gives charm even to the ballads that sound like reprises of older Rodgers songs.

BARBRA STREISAND: MY NAME IS BARBRA (Columbia). On that enchanted evening long ago when she first captured an audience with *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?*, a little bit of Barbra stayed right there. Many of these songs from her smash TV special are about childhood, and she is at once sophisticated and ingenuous, smart-alecky and enraptured.

ROBERT GOULET: BEGIN TO LOVE (Columbia). Goulet applies the bellows impatiently to twelve fine old favorites. His baritone is as rich and powerful as ever, but the arrangements are unusually distracting. In one bizarre number, Bolt is breaking *The Still of the Night* while his pianist is purposefully noodling out a classical two-part invention.

CINEMA

THE FASCIST. A bungling Blackshirt corporal (Ugo Tognazzi) and his philosophical prisoner (Georges Wilson) turn their clash of values into a sly satire of Italian history, circa 1944, mixed with equal parts of compassion, reminiscence and rue.

THE KNACK. There is more than enough running, jumping and New Cinema gimmickry in this movie version of the New York-London stage success, but the sight gags are often hilarious and so is Rita Tushingham as the girl pursued by three oddball British bachelors.

A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA. A crew of pirates led by a reprobate captain (Anthony Quinn) falls under the spell of seven seemingly innocent children whose adventures at sea project all the fun and much of the fury of Richard Hughes's quasi-classic tale.

THE COLLECTOR. Director William Wyler's grisly, gripping thriller, adapted from the bestseller, about a lunatic butterfly fancier (Terence Stamp) who collects a lovely live girl (Samantha Eggar) and locks her in a dungeon.

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES. The exploits of pioneer airmen and their flapappy craft warm up a daffy London-Paris air race of 1910, and slapstick nostalgia is provided by Gert Frobe, Alberto Sordi and Terry-Thomas.

LA TIA TULA. In this faultless first film, Spanish Director Miguel Picazo offers an austere and chilling portrait of a still beautiful spinster (Aurora Bautista) whose unyielding virtue quells her passion for her dead sister's husband.

CAT BAILLOU. The funniest if not the funniest gun in the West is Lee Marvin, a double-barreled delight in his portrayal of two

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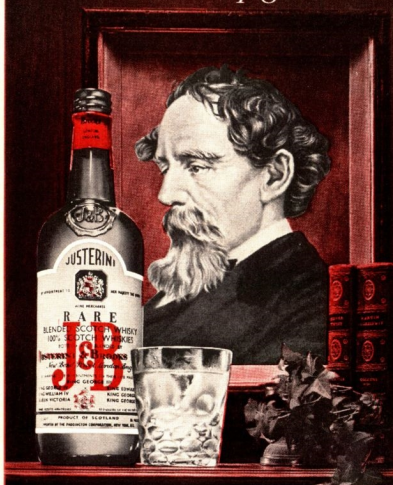


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desperadoes, one determined to help and one to hinder the schemes of a pistol-packing schoolmarm (Jane Fonda).

THE PAWNBROKER. A troubled old Jew measures his memories of Nazi terror against the realities of life in Spanish Harlem. Rod Steiger's performance in the title role adds authority to a grim theme.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT, 1964, by Theodore H. White. The author's reporting skills are partly wasted on an election notably lacking in excitement or color. But the reader is rewarded with all the hot-line conversations and every last ravel in the G.O.P. sleeve of care.

MUSTANGS AND COW HORSES, edited by J. Frank Dobie, Mody C. Boatwright and Harry H. Ransom. Authentic writing about the prairie of the 1840s when huge herds of swift, hardy mustangs had the run of the great plains. Then, in one brutal decade, they were tamed or killed in the frontiersmen's relentless surge to the Rockies.

BOY GRAVELY, by Iris Dornfeld. A novel written by a musician about a slum boy who composes an electronic symphony from the sounds he has heard all his life and finally gets to hear it performed in the Hollywood Bowl. In telling about Boy Gravelly, the author delineates the terrible disease and destiny that is genius.

THE MEMOIRS OF PANCHITO VILLA, by Martin Luis Guzman. By interweaving official documents, dictated letters and hours of recalled conversations, Guzman, long a confidant of Villa, has assembled the story of his life. There are gaps, but the book is as close to an autobiography of the fiery Mexican leader as is possible with an illiterate man who died 42 years ago.

STORMY PETREL: THE LIFE AND WORK OF MAXIM GORKY, by Dan Levin. A balanced biography of one of the wild men of writing. Gorky's life was a series of violent escapades, recaptured here in part through his own superb reminiscences. His creative forces were often wasted on polemics, first for Lenin and then for Stalin, who lured him back from voluntary exile; five years later, Gorky mysteriously died.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Source, Michener (2 last week)
2. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (1)
3. The Ambassador, West (3)
4. Hotel, Hailey (5)
5. Don't Stop the Carnival, Wouk (4)
6. The Green Berets, Moore (6)
7. Night of Comp David, Knebel (8)
8. The Flight of the Falcon, Du Maurier (7)
9. A Pillar of Iron, Caldwell (10)
10. Herzog, Bellow (9)

NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarskjöld (1)
2. The Oxford History of the American People, Morison (2)
3. The Making of the President, 1964, White (8)
4. Is Paris Burning? Collins and Lapierre (3)
5. Journal of a Soul, Pope John XXIII (4)
6. The Founding Father, Whalen (10)
7. The Italians, Barzini (5)
8. Queen Victoria, Longford (7)
9. Sixpence in Her Shoe, McGinley (9)
10. Games People Play, Berner

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LETTERS

Ho Chi Minh

Sir: Hooray for Artyzhasheff! Ho Chi Minh's beard, too, seems to be crawling with snakes [July 16].

BERT SIROTE

Brooklyn

Sir: The United States doesn't even recognize his government, and you put him on the cover again.

WILLIAM JAY EISEN
University Heights, Ohio

Sir: Ho Chi Minh did not go all the way to Versailles to badger the Allies. He went as a calm young patriot who wanted to point out to the Big Four the importance of understanding what was going on in Indo-China. They wouldn't even see him. He turned the other way only because they pushed him.

MRS. GEORGE ELLIS

Orange, Conn.

Sir: It is not often that TIME overlooks a major point in the analysis of a touchy political situation, but in my opinion this has happened with regard to Viet Nam. Any meaningful discussion of the causes and solutions of Communist aggression in Southeast Asia must assign special significance to the population expansion. How can we win a war against a never diminishing enemy?

(MRS.) ANITA C. SULLIVAN

Clemson, S.C.

Sir: Mao Tse-tung has said that Communism will conquer Asia because the U.S. has neither the stamina nor the patience to counteract his "wear of liberation." Now Ho Chi Minh says that the Viet Cong will win the struggle in Viet Nam because "Americans don't like long, inconclusive wars." These statements indicate what we are up against in Southeast Asia. The formula for victory is patience, an organized population, and a preponderance of men and materiel. The United States can prove Chairman Mao and Uncle Ho irrevocably wrong. But it will take more strength in the face of adversity than we are displaying now. A persistent, never-say-die American effort in Southeast Asia can turn that battle into one that the Communists can never hope to win.

SANDY KING

Wethersfield, Conn.

Sir: "The Jungle Marxist" is clever, TIME fashion, but it has an almost unbelievably naive and provincial point of view. If I

were a Communist or a Vietnamese, I could not help believing that every opinion and every "fact" was supplied the author by an official Government agency.

ROBERT W. BUCK

Boston

► *Time's conclusions were based not only on information from Government officials, but also on extensive interviews with independent scholars, including Howard University's eminent Bernard Fall, author of The Two Viet-Nams and Street Without Joy, and one of the few Westerners who in recent years have interviewed Ho Juche-to-face.*

Criminal Justice

Sir: I admire your essay on criminal justice [July 16] as clear and to the point. Professor Vorenberg may find that he is moving us forward on a far broader front than the one of immediate concern to him. The administration of law, even at the level of the police function, calls for discretionary decisions by public officials. If we want to preserve inviolate the rights to privacy and protection afforded us by the Constitution, all actions by public servants must eventually reach the eyes of the public. Tape-delay technology offers us the means, and any public procedures that have traditionally gone unrecorded now can be kept inexpensively in audio archives; video archives will soon be available.

ERIC DREIKURS

Los Angeles

Sir: Less than an hour after a military court-martial in which, as prosecutor, I had lost the decision in a clear-cut assault case, I read a perfect analysis of the key issue of the trial, that is: Does the initial failure of an investigating officer to warn the accused of his right to remain silent invalidate later voluntary admissions? In my case, the investigating officer had talked with the accused at the scene, realized that he was a prime suspect, then warned him of his rights. The accused's two separate voluntary statements, made later, clearly established his guilt but were inadmissible as evidence because he had talked, even though voluntarily, with the investigating officer before being warned of his rights. Had I been able to read TIME during the lunch hour (as is my custom), I might have had better grounds for arguing the point during the afternoon.

JOHN E. TENER

Naval Weapons Laboratory
Dahlgren, Va.

Jim Clark Challenged

Sir: For a more positive test of his imperturbability, I invite Jim Clark [July 9] to compete in the qualifying trials held daily on any of the San Francisco Bay area courses, notably the Bayshore Highway or the Nimitz Freeway. He will then be eligible to participate in the finals on the toughest course of all—the entire Los Angeles freeway system.

FELISA CAPILO

Hayward, Calif.

That's What's Happening

Sir: Murray the K [July 9] is also Murray the L—leader, that is. He put on a show that was fab gear and laid some good words on us in a way that was only a bit of all right. He's what's happening, baby, and you're not. Don't bug my leader, TIME. Keep outta his Evans.

MARK E. EVANS

Wichita, Kans.

Sir: Thank God, that's not what's happening to me, baby.

KATHY LEER

Cleveland

Sir: That noisy display was unfit for television. I think teen-agers were even embarrassed at the zoo-like display of Murray the K and some of those other spacelike beings. I doubt if this is going to create any economic opportunity for teen-agers. It seems unbelievable that the Johnson Administration permitted itself to be associated with this catastrophe.

WILLIAM HART JR.

San Francisco

Sir: Three cheers for Murray the K. Compared to the very round presentation of "It's What's Happening, Baby," my tastes are quite quack. However, I went with young people, and I forced myself to watch the program. The next morning I checked with the young people, and their response was unanimous. The program was a swinger and the message got through. Congratulations to "the K" and Sargent Shriver for trying to communicate in a language youth understands. Perhaps our outraged and nauseated legislators could learn a few lessons about trying to communicate with people where they live.

(THE REV.) ROBERT F. HARDINA

Union Congregational Church
East Bridgewater, Mass.

How to Succeed

Sir: I was flattered that you included me in your story "How to Become a Millionaire" [July 9]. However, I feel that perhaps the most important rule for succeeding in business was overlooked by everyone you mentioned. Simply put, it amounts to: "Surround yourself with people smarter than you."

DON OVER

President-Publisher
International Construction Reporter
Honolulu

Proud Andrews

Sir: More power to the little town of Hennessee, Ill., and to Jones & Laughlin for locating their new plant there [July 9]. Andrews & N.C. is also a little town. It is one of the most economically stagnant areas of Appalachia. Poor they may be, but Andrews residents are proud too. Under the leadership of Mayor Percy B. Ferebee, a development corporation was formed, and \$200,000 was raised. With

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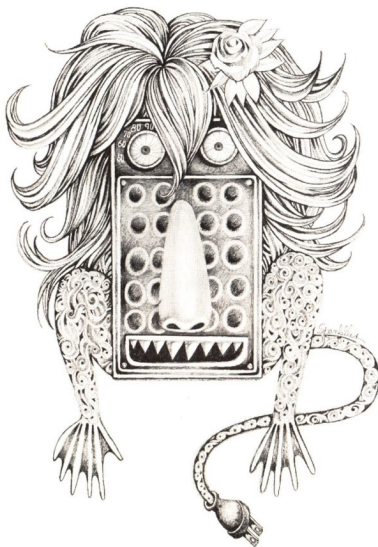
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He might think that your product is visual (what product isn't visual?) so you must have a visual medium. He's forgotten or never knew that nothing is more visual than the human imagination and nothing reaches it more effectively than sound.

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Or he may have the idea you don't like radio because, possibly, you haven't used it before.

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this as bait, Andrews in two years signed a furniture company. Today, construction is under way on a factory that will employ 900—about three times as many men as there now are in town. Yes, Government agencies helped, but what really did it was the willingness of the people to invest in their community, and their unwillingness to sit slackly by and wait for the Government to do something for them.

TED SMILEY

Smoky Mountain Times
Bryson City, N.C.

Man for the Ages

Sir: That article about Dante [July 9] glowed with a brightness of its own.

V. NAIR

London

Sir: Shame! How can you list "the superior translations of *La Commedia*" and omit the verse rendering by John Ciardi?

(MRS.) GLORIA GARCIA PAJAK

Perth Amboy, N.J.

Sir: TIME's otherwise brilliant and stimulating article on Dante perpetuates some 19th century misunderstanding of the poet. The most debatable point is that Dante used the *Inferno* for personal vindictiveness, to damn his political enemies, while demonstrating extreme lenience toward old friends like Brunetto Latini. Dante's work is primarily an inward journey into the soul of everyman and an exposure of the possibilities of evil therein. The figures that Dante encounters, therefore, symbolize evils that the poet condemns in himself as well as in others.

The most demonic sins, for Dante, are the sins of the spirit. Hence Brunetto Latini, since he embodies a sensual sin, does not merit punishment so severe as that meted out to the spiritually corrupt.

Finally, Dante depicts Satan as stupid and ludicrous because that is ultimately Dante's vision of the nature of evil.

RICHARD BREWER

Assistant Professor of English
Monmouth College
West Long Branch, N.J.

Pommies

Sir: Your footnote on Pommies [July 9] is a new one on us. The term is a corruption of P.O.M.E., Prisoner Of Mother England, which was the official status of many of the original immigrants to Australia.


C. O. SHEBBEARE
J. PARKES

Melbourne, Australia

► Another theory: the term came from pompons on the tun-o'-shanters of British regiments.

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TIME

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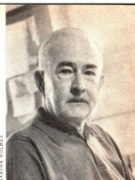
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GENERAL MANAGER

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer



BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

IT can be said of few artists that they are beyond imitation or that their work can be instantly identified. Yet this was true of Boris Artzybasheff, our old friend and colleague who died last week at the age of 66 (see MILESTONES). Looking at a computer eating file cards, a long-legged robot stalking through a lunar landscape, or a hydraulic press squatting like an ancient, malevolent god, one immediately recognized the unique vision of the 20th century that belonged to Artzybasheff.

"Artzy" created 219 TIME covers over the past 24 years. Though he will perhaps be best remembered for his anthropomorphic machines, he was a first-rate portraitist, with a sharp, spare style and, above all, a knowing wit. His last cover portrait—of North Viet Nam's Ho Chi Minh—appeared on last week's issue, and was on newstands around the world when he died. His first TIME covers were done in June of 1941, and were soon followed by a memorable series of wartime portraits, including the classic view of Germany's Admiral Karl Doenitz riding through the waves alongside his pack of submarines, their periscopes shaped like evil sea serpents.

In his book of drawings *As I See* (1954), Artzybasheff brilliantly animated various neuroses and suggested wryly that the man of the future would be born with a built-in storage cabinet for platitudes, the woman of tomorrow without a nose ("deleted because it usually shines and often gets in the way"). Always he returned to TIME covers, keeping a measured pace with the era, from sardine-boxed commuters to the heartbreaking Berlin Wall, from mechanical cows to Architect-Dreamer Buckminster Fuller—whose head, under the special Artzybasheff treatment, became a geodesic dome.

A widower for the last decade, Artzybasheff was a gentle, courteous, urbane man, sedate in manner but impassioned in his work. If he sometimes painted nightmares—wars, monstrous weapons, a personified hangover that still haunts many a morning-after—it was only because he was on the side of man. Like most satirists, Boris secretly loved what he seemed to attack. A glimpse of a locomotive walking on crutches or a truck holding its head suggested that, to him, even machines had souls. What was more, they served man. "I would rather watch a thousand-ton dredge dig a canal," he said, "than see it done by a thousand spent slashes lashed into submission. I like machines."



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
July 23, 1965 Vol. 86, No. 4

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

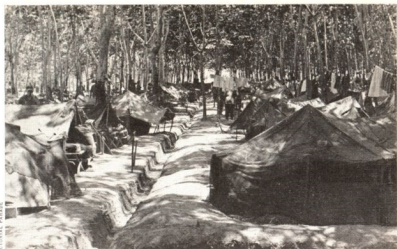
"Some Tears & Some Blood"

For the fourth time in half a century, the U.S. is at war. If there has been any doubt about the Viet Nam conflict's fitting that definition, it was surely dispelled last week for anyone who understood the meaning of events.

For months the war has been developing at a gradual pace. Seeking to limit it, the U.S. sent—and is still sending—American men and materiel into Viet Nam on a piecemeal basis, always hoping that the next unit would be the last one necessary. Tight restrictions on U.S. or South Vietnamese bombing raids against Hanoi's industrial complex have been maintained. At all times, President Johnson has held himself open to what he described last April in his Johns Hopkins University speech as "unconditional discussions" leading toward peace.

"Serious Decisions." All to no avail. Last week the President said somberly to associates: "I've tried delaying and limiting the bombings. But how can I continue to do that? I can't. Thirteen times we've tried various approaches and proposals to get the Communists to the bargaining table—without result. It is going to take some tears and some blood."

During the week, the Administration carefully fed out, bit by bit, enough information to give the people of the U.S. a sharper picture of the situation's



U.S. 173RD AIRBORNE BIVOUAC AT BIEN HOA AIRBASE
Thirteen offers to bargain—without result.

seriousness. At a news conference, the President warned: "Heavy infiltration of North Vietnamese forces has created new dangers and difficulties in South Viet Nam. Increased aggression from the North may require an increased American response on the ground . . . It is quite possible that new and serious decisions will be necessary in the future."

Reserves & Draftees. Before settling on the specifics of those new decisions, the President said, he will await a report from Defense Secretary Robert McNamara; Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., the U.S.'s Ambassador-designate to South Viet Nam; and Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman General Earle Wheeler. The three left last week on an inspection and consultation trip to Saigon, where they conferred with Premier Nguyen Cao Ky and Chief of State Nguyen Van Thieu, and will not return to Washington until this week. Before he left Washington, McNamara confirmed that the upcoming decisions might include "calling up Reserve and Guard forces, extending the tours of duty of personnel presently in the

forces, and increasing the draft calls."

The U.S. has 72,000 men in South Viet Nam, including a contingent of some 3,900 troops of the historic 1st Infantry Division ("the Big Red One") that landed last week. On the way from Fort Campbell, Ky., was a 4,000-man brigade of the 101st Airborne Division. Also ticketed for Viet Nam is the Army's recently created 1st Cavalry Air Mobile Division now in training at Fort Benning, Ga. By the end of this year, the U.S. will almost certainly have nearly 200,000 men in Viet Nam, and if the Communists insist on stepping up their own effort, the U.S. troop total may well come to 400,000 by next summer.

In these, as in many other ways, the U.S. displayed its determination to carry on a war in Viet Nam until a satisfactory settlement is won.⁶ Items:

► The Army last week changed its rule for service. Formerly, Army regulars in other overseas commands—most particularly Europe—returned to the U.S. for a two-year tour of duty before they could be sent to Viet Nam; henceforth, such men can be sent there after only 60 days of home leave. Previously, men who had served a tour in Viet Nam were sent home unless they volunteered to stay on; now the Army may keep them there whether they volunteer or not.

► Restrictions were imposed on newsmen. No longer will day-by-day casualty figures be given out, neither will U.S. units engaged in battle be identified. Troop movements will not be announced unless it becomes clear that



LODGE & McNAMARA CONFERRING WITH SOUTH VIET NAM'S THIEU & KY
Increased aggression may require an increased response.

⁶ While on a "private" trip to Moscow last week, veteran cold-war Diplomat Averell Harriman had a three-hour conversation with Soviet Premier Alexsei Kosygin, emerged saying that the session had produced "significant information." But in Washington, after receiving Harriman's cabled report, White House and State Department spokesmen warned against any hope that Harriman's talk with Kosygin might lead to a negotiated peace in Viet Nam.

the Communists are already well aware of them. The new rules are the same as those put into effect during the Korean War, with the difference that the censorship is to be voluntary rather than imposed. Correspondents will theoretically still be free to dig up their own facts and figures. But it seemed perfectly plain that anyone who dug up a compromising fact or figure would be banned from the combat area.

► The U.S. is spending \$6.5 million a month on logistics; within a year that figure will go up to \$20 million. The Navy has informed American private shipping interests that it needs 54 new cargo and transport vessels immediately. The first contingent of the Army's new 1,800-man 1st Logistical Command has already landed in Viet Nam; the unit will eventually take over supply and maintenance functions now scattered among the services. Most important of all, eight battalions of Army engineers and four battalions of Seabees are scheduled to arrive in Viet Nam by September to help in the construction, already under way, of a huge new port facility at Cam Ranh Bay on South Viet Nam's east coast, and of seven new jet airfields.

In the Viet Nam war, a major U.S. problem has been to convince the Communist enemy that America is willing to make whatever sacrifice may be required. The moves made and indicated by the U.S. last week should be persuasive—if that kind of persuasion is ever to be effective.

THE PRESIDENCY

"Mistakes That I Made"

President Johnson's political critics often take the opportunity to point out that he has not always been the civil rights advocate that he is today. In that spirit, House Minority Leader Gerald Ford last week told a press conference that as a Congressman and Senator between 1940 and 1960, Johnson had voted no on 39 out of 50 "meaningful roll-call votes" on rights measures. Thus, Ford charged, he was "a Lyndon-comelately" who "has traveled a crooked path" to his present position on civil rights.

Next day, at his own press conference, Johnson was asked, in light of the Republican charge, to trace the change in his philosophy on civil rights legislation. His answer was all the more convincing because of its candor. "I am particularly sensitive to the problems of the Negro," Johnson said, "perhaps because I realize after traveling through 44 states and after reading some 20,000 or 30,000 letters a week, or the digests from them, that it's a very acute problem and one that I want to do my best to solve in the limited time that I'm allowed. I did not have that responsibility in the years past, and I did not feel it to the extent that I do today." The country's civil rights problem, the President added, is "an acute one and a dangerous one and one that occupies high priority and one that should challenge every American of whatever party, whatever religion.

And I'm going to try to provide all the leadership that I can, notwithstanding the fact that someone may point to a mistake or a hundred mistakes that I made in my past."

THE CONGRESS

And Now, Housing

With anti-poverty, medicare and civil rights getting most of the public attention, the Johnson Administration's housing bill seemed almost lost in the basket of Great Society legislation. Yet it is one of the biggest programs of all, and last week the Senate, by a vote of 54 to 30, approved it and sent it to a Senate-House conference committee to iron out a few differences. Every prospect was that the President would be able to sign it into law this week.

As projected over a four-year period, the \$7.5 billion program will include funds for homeowners in urban-renewal areas to refurbish their property, benefits for elderly and handicapped persons in public-housing projects, mortgage relief for those who become unemployed by reason of the shutdown of a federal installation, modification of interest rates for the housing of persons over 62, college housing, rural housing, grants for sewer- and water-processing facilities in rapidly growing neighborhoods, as well as other public works, and extension of certain programs under the Urban Renewal, Federal Housing and Public Housing Administrations.

Of all the bill's facets, the only one

VIET NAM & KOREA: A COMPARISON

A POINT that often comes up in discussion of the war in Viet Nam is that it may become another Korea. Comparative statistics of the 1950-53 war in Korea and the war to date in Viet Nam:

U.S. Troop Totals. Korea: 500 U.S. military advisers present at start, building up to a peak of 400,000 troops; some 1,250,000 Americans served in all, counting replacements. Viet Nam: a 685-man advisory mission in 1961, expanded to 72,000 servicemen as of last week with prospects that the number will rise to nearly 200,000 by year's end; so far, an estimated 200,000 Americans have served.

The Allies. Korea: the original 150,000-man South Korean force grew to 460,000; also participating were 40,000 troops from 15 other nations fighting under the flag of the United Nations. Viet Nam: presently engaged are 550,000 South Vietnamese government troops, composed of military regulars and regional and village self-defense forces. Other allies involved are 900 Australians and 150 New Zealanders who take part in combat, along with assorted instructors and technicians, including 200 other Australians and 32 New Zealanders, twelve British, 68 Filipinos, 80 Japanese, 2,100 South Koreans, 124 Nationalist Chinese, 23 West Germans, 17 Italians, and one Canadian.

The Enemy. Korea: North Korean troops, 135,000; Red Chinese "volunteers," 1,000,000. Viet Nam: from an original 3,000 guerrillas trained in the North, Red strength has grown to possibly 47,000 main-force troops today, among them an estimated 10,000 North Vietnamese regulars who have infiltrated the South; there are also 80,000 to 100,000 local guerrillas and 18,000 supply troops, for a total of 145,000 to 165,000—plus an undetermined number of informers. The great bulk of the 450,000-man North Vietnamese army has not been in action so far.

The Battleground. Korea: 525 miles long, 90 to 200 miles wide; paddyfields in the west and south, mountains reaching to 9,000 ft., inadequate roads, temperatures ranging from 120°F in summer to 16° in winter. Viet Nam: 1,200 miles long by (on the average) 90 miles wide, more than twice the size of Florida; paddyfields, jungles, mountains temperatures averaging a humid 92° in the lowlands, reaching as low as 28° in the mountains.

The Air War. Korea: unrestricted U.S. bombing of the North impeded transport, destroyed virtually 100% of industry, 40% of all housing; U.S. pilots doubled opposing MIGs at victory ratio of 11 to 1. Viet Nam: selective bombing has destroyed 34 bridges and some oil tanks, but industrial complexes around Hanoi and Haiphong remain untouched; of the few opposing MIGs, five have been shot down in air combat as against the loss of two U.S. jets.

The Cost. Korea: 54,246 American dead, 103,284 wounded, 7,140 taken prisoner; allies' casualties came to 50,194 dead (47,000 South Koreans, 686 British, 2,508 others) and 194,297 wounded. Enemy casualties were estimated at 1,347,000 dead or wounded. Viet Nam: 503 American dead, 2,720 wounded, 14 captured; South Vietnamese have lost 25,000 dead, some 48,000 wounded. Viet Cong dead or wounded are estimated at 107,000.

The Conclusion. Korea: after three years, one month and two days of fighting, the Reds signed an armistice reaffirming the 38th Parallel as the boundary dividing North and South Korea; today, despite an uneasy truce line guarded by 50,000 Americans and 500,000 South Korean troops, South Korea is a sovereign, non-Communist nation. Viet Nam: no conclusion is in sight, and Hanoi leaders are described by recent British Special Envoy Harold Davies as "intoxicated with their successes."

contested with any real heat was the provision that the Federal Government will subsidize lower-income families who move into private, nonprofit developments. The Government will pay the difference between 25% of the family's income and the rent bill—it would chip in \$15 a month, for instance, if the rent was \$115 and the income \$400. A "lower-income family" is not precisely defined; the bill provides that only those who are eligible for public-housing aid in their own city will be eligible under the new program. But such local eligibility rules vary.

The rent-subsidy section came under some scathing criticism; Virginia's Harry Byrd, even before the debate began, denounced the plan as "renticare." A Republican-backed amendment that would have killed the provision was defeated by a 47 to 40 Senate vote. But that count sounded closer than it actually was: Democratic leaders had at least another half-dozen votes in hand, if needed.

After the amendment lost, Senate passage of the bill had clear sailing.

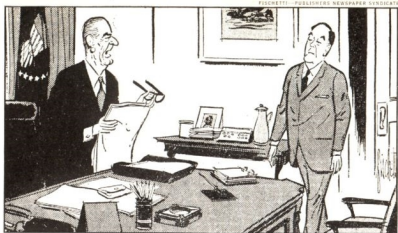
THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

Playing Second Clarinet

After more than six months in the most dispiriting of top U.S. political offices, Hubert Horatio Humphrey appears to be more full of spirit than ever. As salesman for the Great Society, the Vice President of the U.S. roams the countryside with his gift of gab and his sunburst smile; the people seem to love it, and he certainly does.

So, by all accounts, does Lyndon Johnson, the man whom Humphrey promised to love, honor and obey when he took on the vice-presidency. Wherever Johnson cannot be, Humphrey is. Last week that meant a two-day, five-speech swing around the Western U.S. Landing in San Diego, he plunged into a sea of greeting hands. "How are you, young lady?" he bubbly inquired of a woman who must have been all of 80. Reporters crowded in, firing questions. What did he think of San Diego's unemployment problem? Said H.H.H., as if he were vice president of the local Chamber of Commerce: "I'd say the prognosis for the patient is very good."

Trying Harder. From San Diego, Humphrey went to Los Angeles for a California Democratic fund-raising dinner. His speech, while lauding President Johnson, fell admirably short of Jack Valenti's fulsome performance. Next day Humphrey was off to Houston for a two-hour inspection of the Manned Spacecraft Center, then up to Oklahoma City, where he attended the Oklahoma Democratic Party's first \$100-a-plate dinner (hamburgers and cole slaw) and delivered a ringing, one-hour sermon on the glories of the Great Society. He was back in Washington for only twelve hours before Johnson dispatched him to London as the top American in the official cortege bringing home the body of Adlai Stevenson.



"OKAY! YOU DID GREAT WITH DE GAULLE, HUBERT—BUT MUST YOU REMIND ME EVERY DAY WITH 'BON JOUR, MON PRESIDENT?'"

As Vice President, Humphrey has managed to share at least part of L.B.J.'s spotlight—a feat not unlike a clarinet player getting rave notices while playing in Benny Goodman's band. How does Humphrey do it? He is willing to perform any task, no matter how large or how small, that Johnson requests of him, and he is unabashedly devoted to his boss. "I became Vice President because he made me Vice President," Humphrey recently told a reporter. "As a matter of fact, I've always had a helping hand from Lyndon Johnson." Hubert feels that "if I can be a friendly adviser, if from time to time I can lift some little burden from him, even though it may not amount to much, I think that would be a real contribution." If Humphrey has totally reduced himself to the role of friendly adviser, he has not done so without a sense of humor. He has picked up the familiar Avis Rent a Car slogan. "I try harder," he says. "I have to, I'm only No. 2."

All the Way. As No. 2 there are, of course, frustrations. Recently, when a friend criticized Humphrey for making a say-nothing sort of speech, Hubert merely shrugged and said: "What can I do?" He submits his speeches for clearance by the White House, and some have been eviscerated. Last April, when Hubert suggested in public that the Johnson Administration would seek an increase in the \$1.25-an-hour minimum wage, the President commented testily: "I see by the papers I have a minimum-wage program." But when Johnson's labor message got to Congress a request for a wage hike was conspicuously absent. When Humphrey recently returned from Paris after a cordial 80-minute conversation with Charles de Gaulle, which seemed like a considerable diplomatic achievement, word from the White House was that the Humphrey-De Gaulle talk didn't amount to anything.

Hubert remains completely loyal. "You're not going to get any bright ideas from Hubert Humphrey," he says. "If I have some ideas, I give them to Lyndon Johnson. There's no Humphrey

program, just the Johnson program. There are no Humphrey people, just Johnson people. And I'm one of them."

Which is about all any President can ask of a Vice President.

THE JUDICIARY

Mississippi's Best

To succeed in Mississippi politics since Reconstruction has meant being a segregationist, and James P. Coleman succeeded. "Those who propose to mix the races in our public schools might as well try to dip the Atlantic dry with a teaspoon," he said as Governor in 1956, two years after the Supreme Court school integration ruling. And, as he had promised he would, he signed laws aimed at thwarting that decision.

But Coleman was never a militant racist. He stayed clear of the Citizens Councils, scoffed at the notion of state "nullification" of federal law, spoke out against violence, and invited the FBI into his state to investigate racial mur-



COLEMAN BEFORE SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE
Mauled because of moderation.

der. In 1960, he was one of the few Deep South leaders to support John Kennedy for the Democratic presidential nomination. In 1963 this record cost him the gubernatorial election.

Attack & Defense. Last month President Johnson nominated Coleman to fill a vacancy on the nine-member Federal Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, which covers Mississippi, Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, and handles much civil rights litigation. Mississippi is the only state not currently represented on the court. Custom dictated that Johnson pick a Mississippian, and ironbound Senate tradition demanded that his choice be approved by the state's Senators—James Eastland, who happens to be chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and John Stennis. Given all the circumstances, Coleman seemed to be the best available.

Civil rights groups lined up before a Judiciary subcommittee last week to demand his rejection. Representative John Conyers, a Negro member of the House Judiciary Committee, summed up: "Throughout his public statements runs a consistent theme. He is the only person with the legal experience and skill to consistently outmaneuver the federal courts, Congress and the Executive. He is the thinking man's segregationist." Star witness for the Administration was Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, who argued that Coleman's steady defense of law and order in the hostile atmosphere of Mississippi was "worth a hundred campaign speeches." And, like President Johnson, Coleman himself admitted past "mistakes," said he now believed that "separation of individuals by reason of color and color alone is dead in this country and it is finished."

Approval Ahead. It was a foregone conclusion that the three-man subcommittee, consisting of Eastland, Sam Ervin of North Carolina and Roman

Hruska of Nebraska, would act favorably on the nomination. It did. Liberal members of the parent committee forced a delay of a vote by the full committee until this week, but there seemed to be little doubt that it would recommend Senate approval.

THE ADMINISTRATION

From Robe to Swallowtail

It is no secret around Washington that Lyndon Johnson would like to become the first President to appoint a Negro to the U.S. Supreme Court. Last week, Johnson did the next thing to it when he named Federal Judge Thurgood Marshall, 57, to the prestigious post of U.S. Solicitor General. Marshall will replace Archibald Cox, 53, a former Harvard Law School professor who is resigning after four years of Government service.

As chief legal officer for the N.A.A.C.P., Marshall became a national figure in 1954 when he successfully argued the landmark school-desegregation case of *Brown v. Topeka Board of Education* before the Supreme Court. In all, he argued 32 civil rights cases before the high court, won 29 of them. In 1961, President Kennedy appointed Marshall to a lifetime job on the U.S. Second Circuit Court of Appeals (New York, Connecticut and Vermont). After almost a year's delay because of the objections of Southern Senators, the Senate finally confirmed Marshall's appointment.

If approved by the Senate, Marshall will become the 33rd U.S. Solicitor General and the first Negro to hold the office. Wearing the traditional garb of swallowtail coat and striped pants, he will argue the Federal Government's most important cases before the Supreme Court and have considerable say about which cases the Government takes to the Supreme Court on appeal.

In making the appointment, Johnson described Marshall as a "leading champion of equal rights under the law," noted that he was taking the new job, which pays \$28,500 a year—\$4,500 less than his federal judgeship—and has a tenure subject to the President's pleasure, at a "very considerable financial sacrifice." Marshall might find that sacrifice worthwhile—if there is a vacancy on the Supreme Court while Johnson is still in office.

Last week in other appointments, Johnson named:

► Leonard Marks, 49, a Washington communications lawyer, and a close Johnson family friend who has represented the family's Austin radio-television station since 1952, to become director of the U.S. Information Agency, replacing Carl Rowan, who has resigned. Marks, who has served as assistant to the general counsel of the Federal Communications Commission, has represented the U.S. at international conferences on broadcasting and communications, is presently a board mem-



ENVIRONMENTALIST WHITE
Whither the winds?

ber of the Communications Satellite Corp., the Government-regulated organization that owns the Early Bird satellite. Known as a first-rate administrator, his appointment to the \$30,000-a-year post is viewed with wariness at USIA, where the chief concern is Marks's lack of knowledge about the countries in which the agency operates. Said one top USIA staffer about the appointment: "There are no great screams of enthusiasm."

► Dr. Penelope Hartland Thunberg, 47, an expert in international economics for the Central Intelligence Agency, to a vacancy on the U.S. Tariff Commission. A winner of the 1965 Federal Women's Award for outstanding Government career service, Dr. Thunberg was notified of her appointment only two hours before she went to the White House to be introduced during President Johnson's press conference.

► Raymond A. Hare, 64, U.S. Ambassador to Turkey, to succeed Phillips Talbot as Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs. Talbot will become U.S. Ambassador to Greece, replacing Henry R. Labouisse, who resigned last March to become director of the United Nations Children's Fund.

► Dr. Robert Mayer White, 42, chief of the U.S. Weather Bureau and brother of Political Author Theodore White, to become acting administrator of a new Government agency called the Environmental Science Services Administration, which will combine the Weather Bureau and the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

► Major Hugh Robinson, 33, as the President's Army aide. Robinson is the first Negro to be named to a President's staff of personal military aides.



THURGOOD MARSHALL
Future over the financial.

THE SOUTH

Man in the Middle

In Bogalusa, La., a paper-mill town of 23,000 near the Mississippi border, gun-toting white and Negro toughs seemed ready to throw themselves into pitched battle against each other. That they had not actually begun open warfare was almost entirely because of the efforts of Louisiana's Democratic Governor John McKeithen—and, as so often happens to the peacemaker, McKeithen himself was under fire from both sides.

In an act that required considerable courage for a Southern Governor, McKeithen flew to Bogalusa to plead with Negro leaders for a 30-day cooling-off period. When he got there, an angry white man demanded: "Why don't you take the state police out of here?" Replied McKeithen: "We would—but about 500 or 600 people would be killed if we did."

The Deacons. He may not have exaggerated. For six months, Bogalusa has been the scene of a civil rights drive by the Congress of Racial Equality and its local affiliate, the Bogalusa Civic and Voters League. They have won a few concessions, such as street lights for the town's Negro neighborhoods. They have

Justice"; its members, many of them troublemakers long before Bogalusa's civil rights crisis occurred, openly sport pistols and rifles. For months, Deacons have exchanged shots and punches with white roughnecks. In June night riders murdered one Negro deputy sheriff and seriously wounded another. Two weeks ago, a Deacon shot and critically wounded a white heckler during a civil rights demonstration.

White extremists demanded revenge; the Deacons replied that they were ready for anything. McKeithen sent in troopers with rifles and submachine guns to set up roadblocks against an influx of additional combatants. The troopers also gave effective protection to both white and Negro demonstrations, except in one case when security broke down and three civil rights workers were beaten. McKeithen ordered his troopers to confiscate every weapon they saw. He readily admitted that he was bending Louisiana law, which permits the carrying of firearms as long as they are unconcealed. Said the Governor: "When the Supreme Court orders us to give them back, we'll give them back."

"I'm Gonna Move In." Limited disarmament was only a stopgap. McKeithen wanted civil rights demonstra-

within six hours after you agree to a cooling-off period."

Young and Hicks agreed, pending approval by their followers. When they returned to Bogalusa, however, they found Negro Author Louis Lomax, who had arrived from Los Angeles with what he called "15,000 of the biggest dollars you've ever seen." When Young and Hicks reported the Governor's request, Lomax made a fiery speech against it. Young and Hicks telephoned McKeithen, getting him out of bed, and told him the deal was off. McKeithen then asked for—and got—an invitation to come to Bogalusa for more talk.

McKeithen met with Young, Hicks, Lomax, Charlie Sims, leader of the Deacons for Defense and Justice, and others. During the hour-and-a-half session, McKeithen asked: "You've been demonstrating for six months and what did it get you?" Retorted Sims: "It got you to come down here, didn't it?" Lomax told McKeithen: "Once we get our freedom here in Louisiana, I'm gonna move in and run agin you." Later, at a mass meeting, Lomax said that CORE would bring in "some of the biggest religious names in the world, the same people who went to Selma." He added: "Let them knock some priests and nuns down for a change, let them



GOVERNOR MCKEITHEN



LOMAX SPEAKING TO BOGALUSA CIVIL RIGHTS DEMONSTRATORS
For \$15,000, a march like John's through Jerusalem.

also won a few promises, including a pledge to take on two Negro policemen—if they can pass an examination. But for the most part, the demands of civil rights advocates have been thwarted by the Ku Klux Klan. Although Klan rolls are secret, it has been estimated that in Bogalusa and the surrounding countryside there are probably more Klansmen per capita than anywhere else in the South.

Against the Klan, some Negroes have formed the "Deacons for Defense and

tions—which had been specifically sanctioned by federal court order—ended for 30 days so that a durable settlement could be sought. From the state capital at Baton Rouge, he sent his personal plane to Bogalusa to fetch A. Z. Young and Robert Hicks, Voters League president and vice president. "If we don't find the answers in 30 days, you can start demonstrating again," McKeithen told them. He vowed to rid Bogalusa of two of the noisiest white agitators: "I'll have them out of town

shoot up on some Jewish rabbis. We're gonna walk through Bogalusa like John walked through Jerusalem."

As the week ended, the White House responded to pleas from both Mayor Jesse Cutrer and Young, sent a Justice Department mediator to try his hand. McKeithen, who called the Negro refusal to mark time for 30 days "a tragic mistake," mobilized 100 agents of the Wild Life and Fisheries Commission for riot-control training in case reinforcements are needed in Bogalusa.



GOVERNOR STEVENSON, 1952
An admired, perplexing paradox.

DEMOCRATS

The Graceful Loser

In the U.S. embassy in London, Adlai Stevenson taped an interview for the BBC defending his nation's foreign policy. "There has been a great deal of pressure on me in the United States to take a position—a public position—inconsistent with that of my Government," he said. "Actually, I don't agree with those protestants. My hope in Viet Nam is that resistance there may establish the fact that changes in Asia are not to be precipitated by outside force. This was the point of the Korean War, this is the point of the conflict in Viet Nam."

Minutes later, Stevenson, accompanied by Mrs. Marietta Tree, an old friend and a fellow member of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations, stepped out of the embassy onto Grosvenor Square. Stevenson obligingly paused to pose for a photographer. Then he and Mrs. Tree strolled down the street. About 200 yards away, in front of the International Sportsmen's Club, Stevenson staggered slightly, grabbed his companion's arm, and said, "I feel faint." Then he collapsed. Mrs. Tree cried to the club's doorman: "Quick, come! Could you come at once and help?" She knelt over Stevenson and tried to revive him by mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. An ambulance arrived, but by the time it reached St. George's Hospital, Adlai Ewing Stevenson, 65, the U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, was dead of a heart attack.

He was one of the most admired men of his time—and one of the most perplexing, a paradox within himself. Twice he sought his nation's highest office; yet he always thought of the presidency as a "dread responsibility." He was a politician without a politician's ways; instead of grinning gamely when, during one of his campaigns, a little girl handed him a stuffed baby alligator, Stevenson could only gape and exclaim, "For Christ's sake, what's this?" He was a man of rare humor, often expressed

in self-deprecating terms. Responding to criticism that he was too intellectual, that he talked over the heads of the voters, he tossed out a Latinism: *Via ovum cranium difficilis est* (The way of the egghead is hard). He loved people and in his later years was one of New York's most inveterate partygoers; yet even when surrounded by admirers he somehow seemed lonely. He was a completely sophisticated citizen of the world; yet he was at home only on his Libertyville, Ill., farm, chatting with friends in the library or expertly driving a tractor over his 70 acres. "I know every blade of grass and every tree," he once said. "I like to watch them grow, and I hate to be away from them."

Trauma. Adlai Stevenson was born to affluence and influence. His paternal grandfather, after whom he was named, was Vice President during Grover Cleveland's second term. His maternal great grandfather, Jesse Fell, was a close friend of Abraham Lincoln, helped arrange the Lincoln-Douglas debates. His mother's family owned the prosperous Bloomington, Ill., Daily Pantagraph, and his father managed the Stevenson family's vast farm lands, later became Illinois' secretary of state.

When Adlai was twelve, he suffered one of the most traumatic experiences that could befall any boy—an experience which, according to some friends, was to affect him for the rest of his life. Among several guests in the Stevenson home one night was a military-school student who offered to perform the manual of arms. Excited, young Adlai ran to get a .22-cal. pump rifle, watched wide-eyed while the cadet went through the ritual. When it was over, Adlai took the rifle, began to mimic the performance. The weapon accidentally fired, killing Adlai's 15-year-old cousin, Ruth Mary Merwin.

Reluctance. Educated at Choate, Princeton and Northwestern University Law School, Stevenson joined one of Chicago's top law firms. In 1928 he married Heiress Ellen Borden, whose family made a fortune in oil and taxicabs. Adlai and Ellen had three sons: Adlai III, now 34, Borden, 32, and John Fell, 29.

Stevenson's true calling was public service, and Ellen detested the political life. In 1949, while he was Governor of Illinois, she insisted on a divorce. It was a bitter blow to Stevenson, who, as recently as 1960, said wistfully: "I would rather be married than President." Today, Ellen Borden Stevenson, 56, lives as a recluse in a dingy greystone Chicago house on which the mortgage was recently foreclosed; she has gone through most of her family fortune, and her three sons have fled suit to supervise her financial affairs, charging that she is incapable of managing them herself.

During the early years of the New Deal, loyal Democrat Stevenson worked as a lawyer for the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and the Federal Alcohol Control Administration. He served as an aide to Navy Secretary Frank Knox during World War II and later wrote of that period: "They used to say that if you worked in wartime Washington, you would get one of three things: galloping frustration, ulcers, or a sense of humor. I guess I got them all, and I also got a great education in war, the world, our Government and my fellow man under every sort of trial and tension." In February 1945, Stevenson moved over to the State Department, where, as an assistant to Secretary Edward Stettinius, he helped in the creation of the United Nations. "After years of preoccupation with war," he said, "the satisfaction of having a part in the organized search for the com-



TRUMAN INTRODUCING STEVENSON FOR 1952 ACCEPTANCE SPEECH

"If this cup may not pass from me . . ."

ditions and mechanics of peace completed my circle."

Of course his circle was far from completed. In 1948 he was chosen by Illinois' Democratic leaders to run for Governor against Republican Dwight Green, whose administration had been splashed by scandal; Stevenson won by a record 572,000 votes and set about riding close herd over a heavily Republican legislature: in 1951 alone, he vetoed no fewer than 134 bills.

His circle widened far in 1952. Harry Truman had decided not to run again, and the winner of most Democratic presidential preference primaries was Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver, a lone-wolf liberal who was unacceptable to most national party leaders. Casting desperately around for someone else, they were drawn to the able, attractive Governor of Illinois. Stevenson was genuinely reluctant; the night before the national convention in Chicago, he sat up until 2 a.m. in Cook County Boss Jake Arvey's kitchen, suggesting alternative names and insisting that he wanted only to run for re-election as Governor.

Acceptance. When he was nominated anyway, Stevenson accepted with a speech that was memorable for its eloquence, but still betrayed his inner doubts. He had not sought the nomination, he said, because the burdens of presidential office "stagger the imagination." He continued: "Its potential for good or evil, now and in the years of our lives, smother exultation and converts vanity to prayer. I have asked the Merciful Father—the Father of us all—to let this cup pass from me. But from such dread responsibility one does not shrink in fear, in self-interest, or in false humility. So, 'If this cup may not pass from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done.'"

In his campaign, Stevenson insisted only upon trying to talk "sense to the American people" and avoiding what he called the "nauseous nonsense, the pie-in-the-sky appeals to cupidity and greed, the cynical trifling with passion and prejudice and fear, the slander, the fraudulent promises, and the all-things-to-all-men demagoguery." He didn't have much hope that he would win over Dwight Eisenhower. "You know," he said to a friend, "you really can't beat a household commodity—the catchup bottle on the kitchen table."

He took the beating he had expected, and he was a graceful loser. In his concession speech to weeping admirers in Springfield, Ill., he said in a somewhat halting way: "Someone asked me, as I came in, how I felt, and I was reminded of a story that a fellow townsman of ours used to tell—Abraham Lincoln. They asked him how he felt once after an unsuccessful election. He said he felt like a little boy who had stubbed his toe in the dark. He said that he was too tired to cry, but it hurt too much to laugh."

In 1956, by now notably critical of the Eisenhower Administration and all its works, Stevenson campaigned actively for the Democratic nomination, won it again, and launched a campaign in which he called Eisenhower a "part-time President," charged Secretary of State John Foster Dulles with applying "the power of positive brinking" to foreign policy. He also had some unkind words to say about Republican Vice President Richard Nixon: "He is the kind of politician who would cut down a redwood tree, then mount the stump and make a speech for conservation." All the while, Stevenson's doubts showed through. Spotting children in an audience, he would ask: "How many children would like to be a candidate for the President of the U.S.?" Almost all the kids would raise their hands. Then Stevenson would ask: "And how many candidates for the Presidency of the U.S. would like to be children again?" At that point, he would raise his own hand.

His defeat was even worse than in 1952. Conceding, he told his supporters: "Be of good cheer, and remember, my dear friends, what a wise man said, 'A merry heart doeth good like medicine, but a broken spirit dryeth the bones.'"

At the 1960 Democratic Convention in Los Angeles, Stevenson was placed in nomination by Minnesota Senator Eugene McCarthy ("Do not reject the man who has made many proud to be Democrats"), and the mere mention of his name brought storms of applause from the gallery. But John F. Kennedy already had a majority of the delegates sewed up.

Humiliation. Actually, that was just as well with Adlai: what he really wanted to be was Secretary of State, and he thought he had an excellent chance of achieving that office under Kennedy. Instead, Kennedy named him



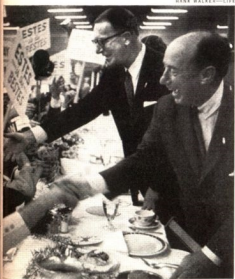
CHALLENGING ZORIN AT THE U.N., 1962
"Yes or no? Yes or no?"

Ambassador to the United Nations, and for one of the few times in his life, Adlai Stevenson turned bitter. When a friend congratulated him on his appointment, Stevenson said acidly: "You must be kidding!"

Political Philosopher Stevenson did not fit very well into the highly pragmatic Kennedy Administration, and he suffered his greatest public and personal humiliation during the Bay of Pigs crisis. Speaking to the United Nations, he vowed that the U.S. had no active role in the abortive invasion of Castro's Cuba. Since he had not been accurately informed of the part the U.S. did play, he thought he was telling the truth—and when the truth came out, Stevenson arrived at the nadir of his many years in public service.

To the dismay and disappointment of many of his staunchest admirers, he stayed on the job, and had one of his finest hours during the U.N. debate over 1962's Cuban missile crisis. There were critics who thought Adlai Stevenson was soft but that criticism could not apply as he confronted the Soviet Union's Ambassador Valerian Zorin. Asked Stevenson: "Do you, Ambassador Zorin, deny that the U.S.S.R. has placed and is placing medium- and intermediate-range missiles and sites in Cuba?" Zorin sat silent. Stevenson, knowing full well that Zorin understood English, demanded: "Yes or no? Don't wait for a translation. Yes or no?" Zorin, flustered, tried to temporize: "You will have your answer in due course." Cried Stevenson: "I am prepared to wait for my answer until hell freezes over!"

In the Shade. In the Johnson Administration, Stevenson felt somewhat more comfortable than he had under Kennedy. President Johnson sought Steven-



WITH RUNNING-MATE KEFAUVER, 1956
"A merry heart doeth good like medicine."

son's advice about foreign policy—although in fact he seldom accepted it. Stevenson disagreed in degree with some of the Administration's foreign policy moves, and his public support of the Dominican Republic and Viet Nam policies pained many of his liberal followers. This caused a good deal of chatter among journalists, including some talk immediately after his death that raised questions of journalistic ethics. Radio Reporter David Schoenbrun claimed that Stevenson, in a personal conversation the week before, had called President Johnson's intervention in the Dominican Republic a "massive blunder."

In recent months Stevenson sometimes spoke of retiring. CBS-TV's Eric Sevareid quoted Stevenson as having said only two days before his death that he wanted to quit: "For a while, I would just like to sit in the shade with a glass of wine in my hand and watch people dance." But before he accepted President Kennedy's offer to be Ambassador to the United Nations, Stevenson had indicated that he intended to stay with the job as long as he was wanted. "If I accept this appointment," he told a friend, "I am committed to support the President this side of treason or madness. There is no way for a man as prominent as I am to quietly step down."

As Adlai Stevenson lay in state in Washington's National Cathedral prior to final funeral services in Illinois this week, millions around the world mourned him, and eulogies poured out by the score. Perhaps he wrote his own epitaph when, on the evening of Nov. 3, 1952, before the presidential ballots had been cast, he summed up: "I have said what I meant and meant what I said. I have not done as well as I should like to have done, but I have done my best, frankly and forthrightly; no man can do more, and you are entitled to no less."



LAST PICTURE, SECONDS BEFORE DEATH
After an obliging pause.

HISTORICAL NOTES

From the Professor's Notebook

As a special assistant to President John F. Kennedy, Harvard Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. did some troubleshooting in Latin American affairs, traveled south with a Food-for-Peace mission, served as idea man and occasional speechwriter. And since he was also a Pulitzer-prizewinning historian, his memoirs of the Kennedy years were much in demand. Now, in a LIFE series based on a forthcoming book, Schlesinger offers some intriguing new details regarding two of John F. Kennedy's biggest—and most controversial—decisions.

"He Grabbed." The first was the selection of Lyndon Johnson as Kennedy's vice-presidential running mate in the 1960 election. Schlesinger reports that Kennedy had previously viewed Johnson "with mingled admiration and despair," referred to the Texan as the "riverboat gambler." But, declares Schlesinger, on the night he was nominated Kennedy decided to make the "first offer" of the vice-presidency to Johnson as a gesture aimed at reunifying the Democrats. Because of the bitterness of the Kennedy-Johnson fight for the nomination and Johnson's power as Senate majority leader, writes Schlesinger, Kennedy "was certain that there was practically no chance that Johnson would accept."

To Kennedy's amazement, "Johnson showed every interest in the project." Schlesinger quotes Kennedy as telling a friend: "I didn't offer the vice-presidency to him. I just held it out like this—here he simulated taking an object out of his pocket and holding it close to his body—and he grabbed at it." Jack dispatched Brother Bobby to the Johnson hotel suite, Bobby, writes Schlesinger, "said that he was there to report that an ugly floor fight was in prospect. If Senator Johnson did not want to subject himself to this kind of unpleasantness, Senator Kennedy would fully understand. Should Johnson prefer to withdraw, the candidate would wish to make him chairman of the Democratic National Committee."

Relates Schlesinger: "Johnson said with great and mournful emotion, 'I want to be Vice President . . . Robert Kennedy said cryptically, 'He wants you to be Vice President if you want to be Vice President.' Later, Bobby leaned against the wall and said . . . 'My God, this wouldn't have happened except that we were all too tired last night.'"

Asked at his press conference last week about Schlesinger's version, President Johnson maintained that he had truly been wanted. Kennedy, said L.B.J., "asked me on his own motion to go on the ticket with him, and I gave him my reasons for hesitating." Johnson's old friend and congressional patron, the late House Speaker "Mr. Sam" Rayburn, was initially dead set against L.B.J.'s joining the Kennedy ticket; so



MEMOIR WRITER SCHLESINGER
If they all hadn't been so tired.

was virtually everyone else in Johnson's camp. But Kennedy, President Johnson declared at his news conference, "told me he would speak to Speaker Rayburn and others and he did. And subsequently he called me and said, 'Here is a statement I'm going to read on television naming you, unless you have an objection.' I listened to it. After I heard it, I felt that I should do what I did."

"Wail of S.O.S.s." Then there is Schlesinger's account of the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion against Cuba's Castro. The idea, Schlesinger recalls, had been inherited from the Eisenhower Administration. Schlesinger says that Kennedy found it distasteful—and so did Schlesinger. Once Schlesinger discussed with the President a White Paper on Cuba that he had been asked to draw up. "As we finished, I said, 'What do you think about this damned invasion?' He said wryly, 'I think about it as little as possible.'" But the plan was favored by the CIA, the Joint Chiefs and most of the Cabinet. In a remarkable portrayal of a President and his top policy officials, Schlesinger describes Kennedy as "a prisoner of events," surrounded by "a collection of officials prepared to sacrifice the world's growing faith in the new American President in order to defend interests and pursue objectives of their own."

On March 11, a month before the invasion, Schlesinger was summoned to a meeting with the President in the Cabinet Room. "An intimidating group sat around the table . . . I shrank into a chair at the far end of the table and listened in silence." Kennedy, Schlesinger writes, "insisted that the plans be drawn on the basis of *no United States military intervention*—a stipulation to which no one at the table made objection." Later, when the "only signal from the beach was a wail of S.O.S.s," the President, in his bedroom, "put his head into his hands and almost sobbed."

THE WORLD

VIET NAM

Girls Under Fire

In war and in peace, women have stood staunchly beside Viet Nam's menfolk for nearly 2,000 years. Sometimes, they have stood in front. Still celebrated are the two Trung sisters who mounted elephants to lead a revolt against Chinese overlords in 40 A.D. More recently, Madame Nhu carried the banner in Saigon toward the end of the Diem regime and thought it only proper that her sly-eyed daughter, Le Thuy, receive a pistol for her 18th birthday.

The better to shoot Viet Cong with, declared Madame Nhu, who knew only too well the uses that the V.C. were making of their own female stalwarts. One such is Kim Loan, a pistol-packing mama commanding a guerrilla company near Saigon, who occasionally slips into the town of Tan An for a hairdo. Other tools are the thousands of fishwives and fruit-sellers in the market-places of South Viet Nam's cities. Their vending stalls provide handy platforms for picking up information or passing propaganda and military messages.

Powder Puff. The French used to call Vietnamese women *douces comme les mangues* (sweet as mangoes). One sweetie surfaced from Viet Cong ranks last April when South Vietnamese police caught a "pretty, well-shaped and lovable" 17-year-old girl named Nguyen Thi Nga, which means "Moon Fairy." She and two friends had been making themselves lovable around the U.S. officers' mess at Soc Trang Airbase, which they planned to blow up with plastic bombs fitted into talcum powder cans. The Viet Cong run a sweeping intelligence network by means of Saigon's myriad bar girls, also have agents working in most of the U.S. military installations around the country. One knowledgeable observer estimates that at least half of the female help employed at Danang also work for the Viet Cong. Though the V.C. often encourage wives to go along with their guerrilla husbands, few women are actually combatants. An exception was among the Viet Cong dead after last month's bloody battle at Dong Xoai. There lay the body of a girl lieutenant company commander.

The Communist press of late has been proudly recounting the life story of 45-year-old Nguyen Thi Dinh, who has been a guerrilla since 1940, now has risen to the rank of deputy commander as well as member of the Na-

tional Liberation Front presidium. Nguyen Thi Dinh got her Communist apprenticeship in the V.C.'s Women's Liberation Association, which functions in thousands of South Vietnamese villages. The W.L.A. is a kind of Viet Cong ladies' aid; besides nagging government officials, the ladies write letters to boys drafted into the South Vietnamese army urging them to defect, recounting wild tales of the government troops ravaging the folks back home.

Tiger Lady. The government's use of South Vietnamese women in the war is largely confined to some 1,800 distaffers—in the Women's Armed Forces Corps formed last January to provide clerks and other administration personnel or as military nurses, welfare workers and interpreters. But in the nature of the dirty war, a uniform is not necessary

Commander Le Van Dan's wife. Though the mother of seven, she has the rank of a master sergeant, totes a .45 pistol, often accompanies the battalion in battle—where she has won three medals for combat bravery.

PAKISTAN

Should a Friend in Need

Be a Friend in Deed?

Few nations have received as much U.S. aid in recent years as has Pakistan—and few have used it so well. Since 1952, some \$3.2 billion in cash grants, loans and food have gone into everything from villages and power grids to harbors and hospitals, not to mention another \$1.5 billion to modernize the military. So efficiently have the Pakistanis employed their aid to reach a healthy 6% economic growth rate that economists have begun to refer to the "Pakistan example" as a measure of achievement for underdeveloped nations.

Nevertheless, further U.S. assistance to Pakistan hung in the balance last week. The reason dates back to 1962, when the U.S. first began pumping military assistance to Pakistan's old enemy India, which faced invasion across the Himalayas by Red China. Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan, already interested in the nonalignment game, found U.S. aid to India reason to move more swiftly onto a path of warmer relations with Peking, and more recently, Moscow. Ayub's government-controlled press has also been a consistent critic of U.S. policy in Viet Nam, which no doubt influenced President Johnson's decision to withdraw his invitation to the Pakistani leader to visit the U.S. last April.

Early this month Washington increased the pressure with a diplomatic note advising Ayub that the next meeting of the aid consortium of the U.S. and eight other nations that had promised Pakistan a fresh \$500 million had been postponed from July 27 until Sept. 27. The message suggested that the interval thus created might be useful for ironing out U.S.-Pakistani differences.

In Rawalpindi last week, Pakistan's Foreign Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto read the U.S. note to the National Assembly. The result, predictably, was outrage and indignation. "If we are not going to be ruled from No. 10 Downing Street," said another, "then, by God, we are not going to be ruled by Wall Street." Next day Ayub himself took up the cry: "If friendship impinges on the



SAIGON CADETTE PARADING IN 1962*

Well-shaped, lovable—and lethal.

for bravery. When a V.C. unit attacked a tiny outpost in Tay Ninh province last year while the post's men were on night patrol, their wives grabbed rifles and tommy guns and coolly held off the attackers until the men returned. In the Dong Xoai battle, Private Nguyen Van Ngoc was pinned down in his machine-gun pit by heavy fire. His wife was with him. Ignoring the crossfire, she raced back and forth supplying him with fresh belts of bullets and grenades until both were wounded.

Down in the Mekong Delta, the "Tiger Lady" of the 44th Battalion is

* In the background: statue of the Trung sisters cast in the likeness of Madame Nhu, which was destroyed when the Diem regime was overthrown.

sovereignty and independence of our country and is against our interests, we no longer desire such friendship."

Once Pakistani tempers cooled, negotiations could continue. For the moment, Pakistan was suffering an acute case of hurt pride, and as one U.S. official admitted ruefully, "This is the worst our relations have ever been."

INDIA

The Loop Way

The grey-haired spinster waved a delicate, S-shaped twist of plastic at her audience of newsmen in New Delhi last week and announced triumphantly: "It's foolproof." What Dr. Sushila Nayyar, India's Health Minister, held aloft was a contraceptive device. She was opening Family Planning Week, the start of a new government campaign against the nation's severest problem: overpopulation.

The problem is everywhere to behold—in fly-filled villages, along dusty bullock paths, in the dismal density of city tenements—millions of people trapped in desperate squalor. In the hope of ending all this, India has struggled ineffectually for years to promote family planning. The rhythm method proved too complicated for a 75% illiterate population. To help women keep track of the days of the month, the government devised a handy string of beads (green for safe days, black for unsafe). Children upset the arithmetic by toying with the beads. Some women mistook the strings for a charm against conception; others shunned them because they resembled the necklaces Hindus hang around the necks of cows as decoration. Other methods—even the pill—proved too costly or required too much medical supervision. More than 800,000 persons have submitted to voluntary sterilization since 1956, but this has not substantially reduced the country's birth rate.

Subsidized Control. Though Dr. Nayyar herself had long been a birth-control skeptic in the Gandhi tradition (she was once his private physician), she agreed three years ago to test the Lippes loop, a U.S.-designed intra-uterine contraceptive device that prevents the development of a fetus in the womb. Only eleven of the 2,839 Indian women fitted with them last year became pregnant, and five of these conceived after their little white loops had been removed. That convinced her, she said last week, that Lippes loops are "the answer" to India's problem.

The loops cost so little to manufacture (1¢ each) that the Indian government expects to give away 1,000,000 within a year, 2,000,000 a year by 1967, and 5,000,000 a year after that. While the country prepares a plant to produce its own, it will rely on 1,200,000 gift loops from the Manhattan-based Population Council. Radio broadcasts, movies and roving clinics will explain the device in thousands of vil-

lages, and the government will divide a \$1-per-insertion subsidy among midwives who bring women to the clinics, doctors who insert the loops, and local agencies that administer the program. Tradition may be against it, but last week the Municipal Corporation of Delhi bought newspaper space to advertise: "A small family is a happy family. Plan your family the 'loop' way."

With loops, continuing sterilization and other contraceptive methods, Dr. Nayyar hopes to cut India's soaring birth rate almost in half in a decade—from 40 to 25 births per 1,000 population per year. Many Indian leaders agree that the nation must do something of the kind or live on the brink of chronic famine. Despite a 10% gain in this year's grain crop, the country cannot feed itself, must depend on 600,000 tons of U.S. wheat a month to avert a recurrence of last year's food riots. Mindful of this, Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri, who, as the father of six, jokes that he is no expert on the subject, last week called family planning "a matter of the highest importance . . . for the individual and for the nation."

Sons as Insurance. It will be years before family planning can slow India's 12 million-a-year population growth enough to let its creaky economy gain. No religious opposition thwarts birth control in India, but tradition does. The average Hindu, unprotected by social security, old-age pensions, unemployment or sickness benefits, considers sons to be his best insurance against impoverished old age. Beyond this, a gain in the economy can be a mixed blessing. Of the 40% of the world's population that normally goes hungry, about one-fourth are Indians. Even a slight increase in their standard of living means that they would eat better food and grow healthier—and that would send their birth rate up.



HUNGARY SIGNING WITH VATICAN
But education is politics.

HUNGARY

A Hollow Tolerance

When Hungary became the first Communist state to sign an agreement with the Vatican last September, it seemed as though the country's 6,000,000 Roman Catholics had regained some small but significant freedoms. Then Communist Boss János Kádár ordered his security police to get on with enforcing his regime's real policy toward religion: implacable enmity. If proof of that policy were needed, the Budapest Municipal Court has just supplied it with the trial and conviction of 13 priests on transparently flimsy charges of conspiring against the Communist system.

Subversive Catechism. Their crime was the "ideological destruction" of Hungary's youth by teaching about Christ, possession of letters written in French about church music, and of such subversive literature as the Catholic catechism. Their sentences: from 2½ to eight years' imprisonment.

Chief defendant was Father László Emödi, 45, former rector of Budapest's Regnum Marianum Church, which was razed by the Reds in 1950 to make room for a huge statue of Stalin. Emödi was first imprisoned in 1961 for organizing religious instruction among children, but was later amnestied. Now he must serve out the four remaining years of his earlier jail sentence as well as five more years for his latest "relapse." Also convicted: Father Alajos Werner, Hungary's leading composer of religious music, who several years ago attended a congress of church music in France. He was given 2½ years in prison after the latest trials.

The courtroom dialogue sheds a revealing light on the quality of Hungarian justice:

Defense Counsel: The defendants are priests, and religious instruction is their priestly duty. It was not political work.

Judge: These arguments are incorrect because we are living in a society based on materialistic concepts. In our society, educating youth in the religious spirit amounts to politics.

Defense Counsel: And other priests? Why are they allowed to teach religion?

Judge: The law guarantees freedom of religion, and the teaching of religion is allowed by our [pro-Communist] peace priests. But nobody can expect the state to entrust these functions to persons who by their behavior have shown themselves as sworn enemies of the state.

Arrests & Asylum. Kádár presumably got some propaganda mileage out of the Vatican pact, which allowed Pope Paul to appoint six Hungarian bishops of his own choosing. Hungary's leader has given little in return. Though some Hungarian bishops have again been allowed to visit Rome, several hundred priests are still forbidden to officiate at holy services. With one minor exception, religious orders are outlawed. Two bishops are under house arrest in Hejce,



PAPANDREOU



ATHANASSIADIS-NOVAS



KING CONSTANTINE

"Tomorrow and tomorrow," he cried, but became yesterday's Premier.

and two others are banned from their dioceses. Hungary's most famous symbol of opposition to Communism, József Cardinal Mindszenty, who is now the only Catholic leader of his rank in Communist Europe still barred from the duties of his office, remains in secluded asylum in the U.S. legation in Budapest. He will not leave, he has always insisted, until freedom for his church becomes a reality.

GREECE

The King & the Fox

By day, while the temperature hovered near 90°, Athenians lounged at the beaches, sipped iced *ouzo* in cafés, and only the straw-hatted tourists defied the heat, toiling up to the Acropolis to commune with history. By night, the history was happening down below. Thousands of students marched through Stadium and University streets, arms locked, chanting "Pa-pa-n-dre-ou," and passing out leaflets exhorting, "Young men of Athens, help us for the triumph of democracy. Down with traitors!" Finally, the demonstrations became riots, and police were forced to quell a stone-throwing mob with clubs and tear gas.

The man whose name was the rioters' rallying cry was ex-Premier George Papandreu, 77, who had just been abruptly dismissed by King Constantine, 25, in the first crisis of his 16-month reign. A royal crisis it was, Papandreu, known as "the Old Fox," had held power since November 1963, with his massive Center Union Coalition, which controls 168 seats out of 300 in Parliament. His rule was based on a series of adroit backstage deals with rightists and leftists—especially the leftists, whose influence has worried a nation that still vividly recalls the bitter 1946-49 civil war with the Communists. The young King fired Papandreu because he believed the Premier was intruding to neutralize even the passionately royalist Greek army. Nonetheless, his action brought savage cries of "*coup d'état*" in

a land that still regards its 135-year-old monarchy as an imported institution, and which since 1917 has sent both Constantine's uncle and his grandfather off into exile.

Shield on Cyprus. The conflict dates back to last May, and oddly enough it began in Cyprus. There, General George Grivas, commanding the Greek-controlled National Guard, reported to the King and Defense Minister Petros Garoufalas, 64, his discovery of a secret army-officer organization called *Aspida* (shield). *Aspida*, said Grivas, was a nationalistic leftist movement, one of whose aims was Greece's withdrawal from NATO. It appeared to be connected with K.Y.P., the Greek CIA, and to have been extended to Cyprus in November 1964. It was about this time that Andreas Papandreu, the Premier's 47-year-old son, who is his spokesman and a member of his Cabinet, had visited the island.

The conservative Defense Minister wanted to investigate *Aspida*'s leftists further, but Premier Papandreu said no. Instead, he named two colonels from the K.Y.P. to purge right-wing army leadership, which he indicated he suspected of plotting a coup against him. Garoufalas crisply refused to take his orders from the two colonels, and so Papandreu decided that Garoufalas had to go.

A Word Was Enough. Papandreu needed the King's approval; to get it, he spread word that he would resign and call elections if rebuffed. Constantine remained grimly silent, calmly biding his time at his summer palace on Corfu until the birth, fortnight ago, of his first child, Crown Princess Alexia, to 18-year-old Queen Anne-Marie. Among his visitors on Corfu was Parliament's dapper president, George Athanassiadis-Novas, 72, a senior member of Papandreu's own Center Union, a former Interior, Press and Education Minister and a well-known poet (sample titles: *Song of the Mountains* and *Simple Souls*). Smiled Athanassiadis-

Novas: "I was just telling the King about a short poem I had composed in honor of the baby."

Finally, last week, Constantine flew home and called Papandreu in for a showdown at the royal palace in Athens. He refused to dismiss Garoufalas, and Papandreu said he would hand in his resignation the next day. Smoothly, the King replied: "Your word, Mr. Premier, suffices. I consider you as having already resigned." Within an hour after Papandreu had driven away in his official black Chrysler, Constantine swore in Athanassiadis-Novas, in white tie and tails, as the new Premier.

Papandreu was furious. "I said I would resign tomorrow, tomorrow!" he stormed. He called for "peaceful demonstrations" against "the government of traitors" in defiance of the new Premier's order banning all demonstrations. The riots in Athens were the response, with 30 policemen and 53 demonstrators injured, and at week's end police in Athens and Salonika battled fresh mobs armed with sticks and stones.

Questionable Chances. Athanassiadis-Novas was already hard at work putting together a 15-man Cabinet from Center Union party members, including seven men from Papandreu's old Cabinet (but not Garoufalas). His chances of staying in office were obviously questionable, particularly since the wily and influential Papandreu had vowed to defeat "the court slaves" with every means at his command. Still, the fact that the new Premier was able to form a Cabinet showed that some Center Unionists have become disenchanted with Papandreu's policies, and the 99 Deputies of the right-wing National Radical Union were ready to vote for the new government, at least for the present.

The test would come swiftly, for the new Premier must go before Parliament for a confidence vote within two weeks. If he loses, the king will have to choose another candidate for the job. If that fails, the monarch may have



NOVELIST GRASS CAMPAIGNING
What about the dying mothers?

to call national elections—which could have the embarrassing result of placing power once again in the hands of Papandreou, who won in a landslide last time. All of which makes young King Constantine's position hardly an enviable one. So far, he has operated skillfully, and even Papandreou's forces have carefully refrained from blaming him directly for their problems. Considering the monarchy's slender roots in Greece, a single misstep could bring him serious trouble. Already a few scattered slogans were appearing on walls in many parts of Greece: "Down with the King!"

WEST GERMANY

Knocking Eggheads Together

Lyndon Johnson is not the only Western leader to suffer the slings and arrows of criticism by vociferous intellectuals. As West Germany's election campaign gathers momentum, Chancellor Ludwig Erhard is also hearing the wrath of eggheads. Their complaint is hardly so dramatic an issue as Viet Nam is in the U.S.; they grumble that *der Dicke* and his party have been in power far too long, seem to suggest that there is far too much German prosperity for the good of the German soul.

The complainers are mostly the left-leaning writers and thinkers of Group 47, whose informal club includes such bestselling writers as Novelist Günter Grass (*The Tin Drum*) and Playwright Rolf Hochhuth (*The Deputy*). They think that Willy Brandt and his Socialists would be a welcome change. Grass is currently on a campaign tour for Brandt. Twenty-five leading writers have contributed to a campaign book entitled *Pleadings for a New Government*. Grass's contribution was a par-

tisan poem. Hochhuth's an essay in pseudo economics arguing that while Germany's rich are getting richer, the proletarians are being lulled into impotence by their proliferating cars, "which they can pay for but cannot afford." What's more, declared Hochhuth, Erhard was to blame for the low state of German education and science, and for the high rate of deaths in childbirth.

When Hochhuth's article appeared in the weekly *Der Spiegel*, Erhard, ever sensitive to personal criticism, could restrain himself no longer. "Today it has become fashionable for poets to be social critics," he exploded in a speech at Düsseldorf. "If they are, it is of course their good democratic right. But then they must permit themselves to be addressed as they deserve—as philistines and nitwits who pass judgments about things which they simply do not understand." In another speech he snapped that Hochhuth was a *kleiner Pinscher* (small terrier). As for Grass, Erhard growled: "There is a kind of intellectualism that can turn into idiocy."

Delighted at having drawn blood, Group 47's leader, Author and Film-Maker Hans Werner Richter, chortled that the "Chancellor's lack of self-control is shocking." "Embarrassing, embarrassing," clucked Writer Heinrich Böll. *Der Dicke* was unrepentant, but political aides with an eye out for his electoral image prevailed on the Chancellor to issue a clarification. A spokesman declared that Erhard's statements did not mean that he "disassociates himself from novelists and writers or the world of intellect as such," but were only a criticism of "polemic campaign contributions and direct attacks."

Germany's long, hot, campaign summer leading up to the election on Sept. 19 is well under way.



ERHARD

A Hostel Is Not a House

Except for its saucy rows of opaque lemon awnings, the four-story building next to the Düsseldorf railway station might almost pass for a clinic. Attendees carry stacks of fresh linen through its quiet halls. Its pleasant central dining room keeps hospital hours: breakfast from 8 to 10, lunch at noon, dinner at 5. Its 228 tenants, each of whom is examined by city doctors at least twice a week, spend most of their time in bed.

But not alone. The \$875,000 establishment, built three years ago by an enterprising female real estate speculator, is the biggest, shiniest and most antiseptic example of a modern German variation of organized sex: the hostel of prostitution.

Never on Sunday. A hostel, police are quick to point out, is not a house. Houses of prostitution were banned in Germany in 1927, but prostitution itself is condoned. Absent from the hostel are the pimps and madams of the house. In Düsseldorf's cupboard of tarts, the girls pay only for room, board and services, just as they would in a normal hotel. Moreover, their hostel is a place of immaculate order; noisy guests are ordered to leave, and drunks are not allowed in. In Stuttgart's eight-year-old Drei-Farben hostel, business is transacted only from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.—except on Sundays and holidays, when its 71 practitioners knit and watch television.

To the connoisseur, the hostel is a sad comedown from Europe's gilded



DÜSSELDORF PROSTITUTE HOSTEL
Where were the pimps and madams?

Some people spell performance "hp." We spell it "Wildcat."



Even though there's a deep-breathing, big-muscled 325-hp Wildcat V-8 under the hood, there's more to Wildcat performance than just horsepower. You see, we remember you've got corners to turn. And bumpy roads to drive on. And traffic to fight. So we harnessed our husky Wildcat V-8 to a crisp-handling, smooth-riding, utterly responsive chassis. And then made available our Super Turbine automatic transmission—so silkily efficient you'd hardly suspect it's putting traffic lights behind you so quickly. But enough talk. Time for action. Go see your Buick dealer and whisper the magic word, Wildcat. Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick? A wild '65 Buick?



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— Puerto Rican rum*

past, when internationally celebrated bordellos lined their ballrooms with erotic murals and antique chairs, offered their patrons bare-breasted dancing partners as a starter. But wherever they have sprung up, the hostels have done a land-office business. The Düsseldorf establishment alone handles nearly 8,000 customers a day—at \$3.75 apiece—and in Stuttgart, the monthly take is \$250,000.

Right to Work. No one appreciates the hostels more than West Germany's police, who are desperately trying to control the estimated 140,000 prostitutes now pacing the nation's pavements. Many cities have walled off whole streets of the girls from public view and declared them off-limits to minors. In Frankfurt, bed and board of the late Rosemarie Nitribitt, the cruising floozy of the movie *Das Mädchen Rosemarie*, downtown traffic is jammed every night by fleets of motorized trolleys. They crawl along in their Mercedes flashing their parking lights at prospective clients—then charging them \$25 for double parking. When Munich banned them from its downtown area, angry prostitutes formally accused the city council of violating federal right-to-work laws. Then they moved to the suburbs, turning once quiet streets into a nightmare of drunks, procurers and petty crime.

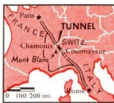
Resigned to the perpetuity of the old profession, West German authorities see in the hostels the opportunity they have been waiting for to get whorem back indoors. "The prostitute problem is solved in Düsseldorf," says the city's police chief happily, and police in other cities are quietly trying to promote hostels to solve their problems too. It will not be an easy task, for public opinion is often against them. In Cologne, the pastor of powerful St. Ursula's Roman Catholic Church has warned that if a hostel is ever opened he will demand the removal of St. Ursula as the city's patron saint.

EUROPE

A Link for a Continent

The Romans, always alert to omens and portents, would never have gone through with the ceremony. A tremendous mountain storm sent venomful bolts of lightning slashing across the slopes of Mont Blanc, and their thunderclaps shook the valleys below. The helicopter bearing Charles de Gaulle had to grope its way in heavy fog through the pass to Chamonix, and a nagging rain dropped a chill in the air.

Despite these problems, De Gaulle and Italian President Giuseppe Saragat snipped two symbolic ribbons one morning last week to open the world's longest auto tunnel (71 miles) under Western Europe's highest mountain (15,781 ft.). Then they climbed into Saragat's Fiat limousine and drove from France through the mountain to the Italian town of Courmayeur. After thousands of years of wishful thinking, eight dec-



MONT BLANC TUNNEL: VIEW TOWARD ITALIAN EXIT
A Europe 125 miles smaller.

ades of frustrated planning and six hard years of toil, Europe's greatest physical barrier had been conquered.

Two Views. Not so the political barriers, which had kept the tunnel on the back burners from 1881, when the French first decided to build it, until 1953, when France and Italy signed a formal agreement to begin work on it. Although both De Gaulle and Saragat last week bravely hailed the event as a milestone toward European political unity, they were, as usual, talking about two different Europes.

For Saragat, a devout advocate of the Common Market, the tunnel was a major link uniting "the six European nations that live in the same human and idealistic climate," i.e., the Common Market. Such restrictions were not for De Gaulle, who saw it as a step toward his great vision of a Europe united from the Urals to the Atlantic—and independent of the U.S. "Now we are showing peace," he intoned, "and one day this peace will spread from Western Europe to the whole Continent. Then all of Europe will be a factor of capital importance in keeping the world in peaceful balance."

Polite Plea. It was not a day for unity. The very ceremony at which they spoke played its own part in creating new tensions. Perhaps miffed at the absence of the Swiss President, De Gaulle had refused to allow a low-level delegation from Switzerland—which donated 2% of the tunnel's cost—to take part in its inauguration. He even denied the Swiss access to the tunnel, the only link between the ribbon-cutting ceremonies on the French side and the speeches on the Italian. Small wonder that one passionate European Federalist in the audience found the session disturbing enough to break through police lines and fling an envelope toward De Gaulle. As Italian *carabinieri* hauled

him brusquely away, De Gaulle opened the envelope. Inside was a politely worded plea to both Presidents on behalf of European unity.

None of the political problems, however, could obscure the very real triumph that the day was meant to observe. The two-lane Mont Blanc tunnel, air-conditioned and equipped with ultra-modern radar traffic control, will shorten the road between Paris and Rome by 125 miles—even more when the long winter snows close the Alpine passes. It is expected to be used by at least 1.2 million vehicles a year, each of which will pay tolls ranging from \$3.25 (for a small European car) to \$20 (for a bus). Just before its Italian entrance, a proud new road sign told the essential fact: FRANCE, 15 KILOMETERS.



DE GAULLE & SARAGAT AT OPENING CEREMONY
But no place for the Swiss.

NUCLEAR PROLIFERATION: Status & Security

TWENTY years ago last week, when the world's first nuclear explosion seared the pre-dawn sky over New Mexico, one awed spectator felt that he was witnessing "what the first man would have seen at that moment in creation when God said, 'Let there be light.'" To another observer, Harvard Chemistry Professor George Kistiakowsky, the blast suggested the last impression of "the last man in the last millisecond of the earth's existence." In reality, of course, the road from Alamogordo has led neither to Eden nor to Armageddon but to atomic stalemate, to a world in which the superpowers between them have ten tons of nuclear destruction for every human being on earth.

In the third nuclear decade, the world faces a new kind of threat. Even as the likelihood of all-out war between the U.S. and Russia recedes, the danger now and for years to come is not only that Communist China will develop and deploy an atomic arsenal, but that a succession of smaller nations will be under increasing and perhaps irresistible pressure to join the nuclear arms race. Britain's Disarmament Minister, Lord Chalfont, described this prospect last week as "the principal and most urgent problem facing us today." Chalfont thus echoed his opposite number, William C. Foster, director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, who writes in the current *Foreign Affairs* that the spread of nuclear weapons is "likely to be at least as significant" as any change in relations between the superpowers.

Some 16 non-nuclear states already have the industrial and technological resources for nuclear weaponry. India, which has good reason to fear China's intentions, could produce an atomic bomb in 18 months. Experts predict that Israel may follow India into the nuclear club. Next may come Japan, which could manufacture nuclear weapons in two years or so, well before the early 1970s, when Red China is expected to have intermediate-range missiles for its warheads. The race could then return to Europe, where the whole process of proliferation started, and continue on to South Africa and South America.

It is ultimately conceivable, as Robert Kennedy speculated in a recent speech, that "nuclear weapons might be used between Greeks and Turks over Cyprus, between Arabs and Israelis over the Gaza Strip, between India and Pakistan in the Rann of Kutch." Defense experts such as Alastair Buchan, director of Britain's respected Institute of Strategic Studies, take a more sober view of the possibilities of proliferation but foresee, nonetheless, that the number of nuclear powers may well grow from five to 15 in the next 20 years.

Keeping Up with the Joneses

The likelihood of atomic weapons actually being used could increase even faster than the number of states possessing them. For one thing, smaller nations—even France—have little or no knowledge of the immensely costly and complicated fail-safe system developed by the major powers to guard against inadvertent or unauthorized use of nuclear weapons. As atomic armaments become more and more commonplace, there will be an ever-increasing danger of *Dr. Strangelove* situations, in which individual officials or irresponsible regimes might use the bomb against hostile neighbors. In local arms races between small states, both sides will have a continuing incentive to strike first. "In a world of many nuclear powers," adds William Foster, "there may well be some who, unlike the U.S. and the Soviet Union, have relatively little to lose if nuclear weapons are used."

The most serious threat is that full-scale war could intentionally be triggered by what strategists call "catalytic" or "secondary trigger" attack, a nuclear strike launched by a smaller power in order to force a bigger one to come to its defense. The French have raised the possibility of this

stratagem as a justification for their *force de frappe*. A fanciful but entirely feasible variant of this nuclear play is the subject of a new novel, *Commander-1*, in which Red China smuggles a few primitive but potent bombs into New York, Moscow and other points, and detonates them with radio signals; the U.S. and Russia, each assuming that the other is responsible, destroy each other in massive retaliatory attacks.

The U.S., which has unsuccessfully offered countless proposals for complete international control of nuclear armaments since the 1946 Baruch Plan, has long accepted the probability that more and more nations will inevitably learn the secrets of atomic energy. A major aim of the 1963 test ban treaty was to make it difficult for them to perfect nuclear weapons without incurring international opprobrium. Under the Atoms for Peace program, intended to dissuade such countries from using their new knowledge for military purposes, the U.S. since 1955 has supplied technological assistance, reactors and uranium to some 35 nations, from Turkey to Thailand, under strict guarantees that they will be used for peaceful ends.

As nations throughout the world learn to harness the atom for peaceful projects, however, more and more of them master the techniques of nuclear weaponry. For many, two decades after the first mushroom cloud, the bomb no longer seems an instrument of fate; it has become a status symbol. Says Washington's John J. McCloy, who has been intimately involved in U.S. defense and disarmament policy for 25 years: "Too many countries are simply trying to keep up with the Joneses. They want these weapons not only for defense, but as much for prestige."

The Cost of Membership

Nuclear one-upmanship will inevitably become even more fashionable over the next decade as the cost of such weapons is brought down closer to that of conventional armaments. Even today, any industrial society can develop a "nominal," 20-kiloton bomb (the size of the one dropped on Hiroshima) within five to seven years at a cost of only \$100 million.

Fortunately, no small nation can enter the race unless it has a highly developed electronics and metallurgical base as well as a solid corps of expert physicists, technicians and weapons engineers. To produce four or five Hiroshima-type bombs a year, it needs a big 70-megawatt reactor and, to keep it going at full blast, 100 tons of uranium ore (which is now in oversupply throughout the world and may in time be available on the open market). This would assure the aspiring nuclear power a yearly output of some 20 kilograms of plutonium, the raw material for bombs, which reactors produce automatically as a byproduct of peaceful operation. The final bridge between a nation's peaceful and military programs is a chemical or gaseous diffusion plant (construction time: two years) to turn the raw plutonium into weapons-grade material.

Not every nation capable of building the bomb wants to. Each potential nuclear power faces a different set of circumstances and national attitudes, which may change rapidly if and when any other state decides to join the race. The nations with the greatest existing nuclear capability, and how they may act:

- **CANADA**, which has been capable of producing nuclear weapons since 1957, is the nation least likely to do so since 1) its security is inseparably enmeshed with that of the U.S., and 2) its foreign policy is keyed to the role of mediator between big and small powers.
- **INDIA**, whose aversion to the bomb is far more deep-rooted than Canada's, has nonetheless raced to complete its own atomic facilities—and has a more advanced nuclear technology than China, despite the substantial Soviet assistance

that Peking received in the 1950s. India refines its own reactor fuel from vast reserves of thorium in Kerala, Madras and Bihar, thus is not subject to international controls over its allotment. It is also the first non-nuclear power to have a diffusion plant actually producing weapons-grade fissionable material, at Trombay, near Bombay. The government of Lal Bahadur Shastri has made clear that it intends to retain an option on the bomb, and has indicated that it will not sign any non-proliferation treaty unless Red China, among other nations, agrees to scrap its atomic armory. India's security and prestige have been badly dented by the Chinese invasion in 1962 and Peking's recent tests; build-the-bomb sentiment is rising. New Delhi will probably reach its agonizing decision within the next few months.

- **JAPAN**, with bitter memories of Hiroshima, is emotionally even more reluctant than India to make the bomb. Militarily and politically, however, it has the same incentive: fear of Red China, which has already threatened the Japanese with a nuclear "holocaust" in the event of an atomic war. Since Japan has to import reactor fuels under strict controls, it is not at present likely to become a nuclear power. However, if Peking grows ever more menacing and New Delhi opts for the bomb, Japan might try to obtain its uranium from India.

- **ISRAEL**, by contrast, depends for its very survival on military supremacy over its Arab neighbors, probably intends to go nuclear as soon as possible. France provided Israel with a modified EL-3 reactor, supplies uranium—probably without controls—under a secret agreement reached in 1957. The Israelis are getting enough plutonium to enable them to produce a modest bomb a year within five years at their Dimona plant, near Beersheba on the road to Sodom, and are apparently working at top speed to develop independent supplies of reactor fuel and plutonium.

- **SWEDEN**, which has no overriding moral or political compunctions about nuclear weapons, is advancing swiftly toward the bomb-making stage. Like India, it is producing its own reactor fuels and could soon have a separation plant to supply weapons-grade plutonium. Neutrality has been Sweden's way of life for 150 years, and it is interested in atomic bombs solely for tactical use in the event of invasion. Its political parties are hotly divided on whether to go ahead.

- **WEST GERMANY** has the potential to build nuclear weapons in from two to three years and craves the security they could give. But Bonn is bound by treaty not to build bombs on German soil (though it is under no legal constraint not to buy or build them elsewhere), and because of its vulnerable position has no urgent desire for its own atomic armory. The risks are too great: the U.S. might withdraw its umbrella of protection; the Soviets might launch an attack. Nor could it build weapons secretly, for the country is overrun with foreign troops and officials, and its industrial capacity is under constant surveillance by the Western European Union. Washington's efforts to build a multilateral force (MLF)—an internationally manned, missile-firing surface fleet under NATO command—are aimed primarily at meeting Germany's demands for a greater share in nuclear decision-making; despite heavy fire from Russia and France, the MLF proposal is still afloat.

A Question of Stamina

On the basis of technical ability, Italy could join the nuclear club in from two to three years; Switzerland, Belgium and The Netherlands in five. Egypt and Pakistan often are mentioned as potential nuclear powers, but Western officials say that neither is capable of producing a bomb within the foreseeable future—though the governments of both countries would be under powerful pressure to get started if Israel and India developed atomic weapons. Despite President Sukarno's boasts that Indonesia will be the fourth nuclear power in Asia, atomic experts point out that his small, 250-kilowatt research reactor yields barely enough plutonium to build a bomb in 100 years—assuming that Sukarno could ever muster the facilities. The only other nations now thought capable of joining the club are Spain, Australia, Brazil, Argentina and Mexico.

Since Peking is the motive force behind the chain reac-

tion, there is a hard-line argument that the U.S. should simply destroy Peking's nuclear capability at its nerve center, an eight-acre diffusion plant near Lanchow (present capacity: one bomb a month). The U.S., of course, would thus risk Soviet retaliation; besides, Peking would rebuild its facilities. The wisest objection, perhaps, is that the U.S. would thereby shatter the ultimate hope of stability in Asia—the possibility that China's attitude toward the rest of the world will mellow in a generation or so.

Is the U.S. right in opposing proliferation under all circumstances and in every area? No, say some strategists. France's Pierre Gallois, a retired air force general and the nation's leading nuclear strategist, reasons that the U.S. faces the prospect of keeping troops stationed indefinitely on the Chinese periphery unless it chooses to give selective nuclear aid to Asians. "Either you help these nations to have a small capability themselves," he says, "or you have to be present with boys from America. Do you have the stamina to accept this?" Gallois goes so far as to question the moral right of any country with nuclear weapons to try to stop another country from acquiring them. "What right have you to say, I may protect myself but I deny that right to you?" he asks. "And if you do have the right to do so, do you have the means to prevent it? The Russians were not able to prevent China from becoming a nuclear power. The U.S. was not able to prevent France."

A Series of Initiatives

Disarmament Director Foster maintains that the Gallois case for limited proliferation is "based on two premises that are both implausible and inconsistent": first, that proliferation could in fact be selectively controlled; and second, that the U.S. could avoid involving itself in a nuclear conflict. While Washington might adopt a hands-off attitude toward limited nuclear wars, Foster believes, it could do so only "at a price that would prove unacceptable in the long run. That price would be a renunciation of our commitments and involvement all over the world—an attempt to return to isolationism at a time when the world is shrinking so rapidly as to make any such policy at best wishful thinking and quite possibly a blueprint for disaster."

The Administration is officially committed to an anti-proliferation treaty that would ban all sales of delivery systems, strictly control the use of uranium and reactors, and pledge all non-nuclear powers to abstain from nuclear weaponry. Last November, President Johnson appointed a committee under Roswell L. Gilpatrick, former Under Secretary of Defense, to devise a wider range of measures to discourage the spread of nuclear weapons. Its conclusions, completed in January, have never been made public, reportedly because they warn that if the U.S. and Russia were to co-operate closely in a non-proliferation program, the Western alliance would be seriously weakened by what NATO nations would regard as a softening of our commitment to Western Europe. The Gilpatrick report also emphasizes a more serious obstacle: Soviet insistence that the U.S. must first withdraw entirely from South Viet Nam—a condition that is clearly unacceptable to the Johnson Administration.

To the surprise of Western capitals, Moscow last week agreed to attend the 18-nation conference on disarmament that will reconvene in Geneva July 27. Under the circumstances, however, the outlook for an effective anti-proliferation treaty seems dim. Nearly all the nations capable of making the bomb have already signified that they will not be parties to any such agreement, since it would not be binding on Peking, the pivot of proliferation. As a result, influential voices in the Administration now argue that Washington can best avert a nuclear stampede by a vigorous new series of strategic initiatives, ranging from an Asian multilateral force to worldwide collective-security guarantees under which the U.S. would retaliate against any atomic aggressor. It will be immensely difficult to head off a race in which the stakes have risen so high. Yet the U.S. has no logical choice but to pursue this objective by all possible means. This side of chaos, the nations concerned may yet realize that this is the only logical course for them as well.

THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

Detribalizing Politics

To the average Brazilian, party politics is about as sensible as alphabet soup: no fewer than 14 machine-controlled parties, each known popularly by its two- or three-letter initials, provide more than enough confusion for any ordinary citizen. Effective action in Congress is chronically hobbled by interparty bickering and mercurial coalitions. "Our politics have not surpassed tribal primitivism," admits José Eduardo Kelly, a founder of U.D.N. (National Democratic Union), one of the parties in President Humberto Castello Branco's current coalition.

Last week Castello Branco took a hopeful step toward detribalizing Brazil's politics by signing into law a new electoral code and a tough party reform. The new code is intended to put Brazil's election procedures into coherent form for the first time, banning coalition candidates in mayoral as well as state and federal deputy races so as to reduce confusion. The other reform measure is designed to cut the number of parties down to manageable size and ensure that they have meaningful grass-roots representation.

After the 1966 elections, parties must disband if they have not 1) reorganized and established headquarters in at least eleven (of 22) states, 2) elected twelve federal deputies in at least seven states, and 3) won the votes of at least 3% of the electorate. In all likelihood, the result will be that only the five biggest parties in the country will survive. Such reforms, says a top member of the Electoral Court, "should give a new, more democratic spirit to our parties. They will no longer be run by a clique of six or seven." Given Brazilian politics, that remains to be seen.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Protagonist War

"I wish to speak clearly," said the letter. "I was sent here by the Morgan, Rockefeller and Du Pont groups." It was signed "Bruce Palmer," commander of U.S. forces serving with the OAS soldiers in the Dominican Republic. Printed in Patria, the leftist daily published in Santo Domingo's rebel zone, the patently phony letter protested that Palmer should not be called "second-in-command" to Brazilian General Hugo Panasco Alvim, chief of the OAS forces, and concluded: "Who would be capable of supposing that a Brazilian could give orders to a white, blonde, Protestant North American?"

Even the editors of Patria did not try to pass off this document as authentic, merely intended it as a heavy piece of irony—the supposed humor of which many readers would miss. In its crassness, it was typical of the ludicrous,

freewheeling propaganda war embittering the atmosphere in the Dominican Republic. Before the current crisis broke 13 weeks ago, Santo Domingo was served by three dailies with a combined circulation of 100,000. All three have suspended publication and have been replaced by wildly improbable, yellow-jaundiced scandal sheets.

Genocidas & Torturers. Real news was light last week: the OAS peace talks remained stalemated, and middle-roading liberal Héctor García Godoy continued to be the best bet for provisional President. Meantime, Junta General Antonio Imbert Barreras and Rebel Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deñó were holding their fire. Not so the



REBEL POSTER

And Hitler was a Yankee disciple.

new scandal press. After having its fun with General Palmer, Patria (which claims 7,000 readers) ran a picture of a Dominican beauty dancing cheek to cheek with a "Yankee invader." Read the caption darkly: "She will pay for her collaboration." The soldier, in fact, was a Brazilian medic.

In a now-it-can-be-told "exclusive," Patria announced that "Hitler and his Nazi assassins were disciples of the Yankees. The Yankees have shown themselves to be better teachers of crime than Trujillo." La Nación, the official four-page tabloid voice of the rebel government, can be almost as shrill. It attacks junta troops as "genocidas" and "torturers."

Washed-Up Diplomats. Backing up the dailies is the rebel Radio Santo Domingo, which calls Imbert a "hog-jawed monster." Last week it broadcast a false

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report that Imbert's wife had ducked out to Puerto Rico and was awaiting her husband. "The flight has begun," the commentator chirruped, "and just as in the height of the Trujillo reign, it is the women and children first, and then the murderers of the people." On a more modest level are quippy posters and house organs put out by various political parties, including a rebel sheet that uses as its slogan a line from Horace: "It is sweet and honorable to die for the fatherland."

On Imbert's side there is no La Nación or Patria. However, he does have his own Radio Santo Domingo, which recently attacked the OAS peace team as a "bunch of washed-up diplomats whose shortsightedness does not allow them to see beyond the thick crystal of their glasses."

ECUADOR

Impatience with the Brass

After Ecuador's military overthrew hard-drinking, leftist President Carlos Julio Arosemena two years ago, the four-man junta that succeeded him quickly embarked on "the unpostponable obligation of carrying out basic reforms." It outlawed the country's 4,000-member Communist Party, adopted the country's first civil service law, cracked down on smuggling, centralized tax collection and tightened export regulations on bananas, Ecuador's biggest cash crop. The reforms were necessary—though not necessarily popular. But when it came to a return to constitutional rule, the junta moved slowly, promising elections some time in 1966. Last week public impatience suddenly erupted into a bitter crisis for Ecuador's ruling military.

In Quito and 170 miles away in the main port of Guayaquil, thousands of high school and university students, representing a wide swath of political orientation, poured into downtown streets, slinging rocks and chanting "¡Abaño la dictadura!" and "¡Viva la constitución!" Army troops and marines moved in with tear gas and clubs, arresting scores of demonstrators. Sixteen political leaders were rounded up and deported, and in Guayaquil, where two high school students were killed by stray bullets, the junta declared martial law.

As an uneasy quiet settled back over Ecuador, General Marcos Gándara Enriquez, one of the junta members, conceded that it was "possible" that the military might step down earlier than scheduled. But first the junta wants assurances that its reforms would be continued by the next government and that Communists would remain outlawed. As a sign of good faith, the military at week's end arranged the resignation of Ecuador's tame nine-man Cabinet—enabling the junta to name new ministers more acceptable to the opposition.

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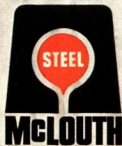


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PEOPLE

"Fortunately," went the lead editorial in the Washington Post, "there is no disposition in this country to search for scapegoats to blame for the situation [in Viet Nam]. Americans are singularly free from the disposition to vent a sanguinary fury on officials who have the misfortune to preside at disagreeable affairs. . . ." Pondering this thought in his Georgetown home, Dean Acheson, 72, allowed as how it was not always thus. Perhaps recalling several brushes with Senator Joe McCarthy as well as his Secretary of State during the Korean War, Acheson displayed his precise literary style in a twelve-line poem to the Post's editor. A couplet:

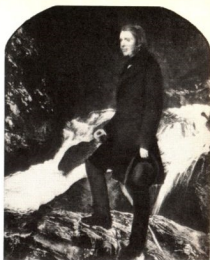
*Reading, as always, at your bidding,
I wonder who the hell you're kidding.*

"DEET REEDER: ONE OF THE AMAZIN FACKS ABOUT THE RITE OF THIS BOOK is he nose a lil sumptin \$\$\$\$\$\$ ABOUT the SUBJEK he writ ABOUT. He was a skool drop-out." So begins the latest federal literature out of Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity—a comic book called *Lil Abner and the Creatures from Drop-Outer Space*. Cartoonist Al Capp, 55, plucks Lil Abner out of Dogpatch, the world's most bizarre poverty pocket, installs him as a "brilliant young technician with a big job, and even bigger feet, who befriends Danny Driftwood, a nice but undesirable young man," and persuades him to ditch his gal Sloppy-Belle and get into the Job Corps. Next scene: having been thoroughly rehabilitated, Danny Driftwood wins Bouncy-Belle, a nublie if ungrammatical Sekkatery. The Job Corps is stashing 500,000 copies of the book in neighborhoods where comics pass for literature in the hope that potential no-goodniks will get (GASP!) the message.

Had Rudolf Nureyev, 27, ballet's temperamental Tartar, ever heard of Jimmy Durante? "Nyet," muttered

Rudi. They didn't get to know each other much better during the Hollywood taping of an ABC television special to be shown in October. "How about dat!" marveled probosciferous Durante, 72, as he watched Nureyev exercising for 40 minutes before his performance. "He takes all dat time to get ready to dance? Me—I start in cold." Fascinated, Jimmy whispered: "He's got awful long hair, too. Dat ain't a wig, is it? He's got a big nose—not as big as mine, but a big nose gets da goils every time."

She learned to ride a pony when she was four, and as she grew up, Britain's Princess Anne always seemed a typically English young girl, a bit of a tomboy thinking around the riding stables in boots and blue jeans. But the princess is a young lady of 14 now, and she seemed anything but awkward as she waited, pensive and elegantly cowed in a riding



JOHN RUSKIN
Torrent in Glenfinlas.

post-Raphaelite 20th century when the portrait was auctioned off last week in London for \$70,560. Ruskin himself had owned the canvas for years, but he never got the picture. His marriage was annulled in 1854 "by reason of the [husband's] incurable impotency," Everett Millais and Effie thereupon embarked on a long and happy marriage.

Retiring after nearly 50 years of military service to the Empire, Earl Mountbatten of Burma, 65, wore a lot of what he had to show for it—for example, the Grand Cross of the White Elephant of Siam and the Special Grand Cordon of the Order of the Cloud of China. "Lord Montgomery always counts them," he chuckled, pointing to the ten rows of 34 ribbons and decorations covering the left chest of his admiral's uniform. "I don't know whether he thinks I've popped in one or two that I'm not entitled to." Then Queen Victoria's great-grandson formally stepped down as Britain's Chief of the Defense Staff, got a rousing "Hip, hip, hooray!" from the gold-braided service chiefs, faded away to his country home, Broadlands, in Hampshire.



PRINCESS ANNE
Dressage in Kent.

cloak, to represent her boarding school, Beneden, in a horse meet at the Moat House Riding School in Kent, where she finished fourth in the dressage test.

Work on the portrait progressed slowly through the rainy summer of 1853. Critic John Ruskin (*Stones of Venice*) stood posed on the rocks below Glenfinlas Falls in the Scottish Highlands, his esthete's face delicate, benevolent, distracted. Was he distracted because the portrait painter, young Pre-Raphaelite John Everett Millais, was falling in love with his wife? Evidently not. In this quaint mid-Victorian triangle, Ruskin meditated upon Glenfinlas' "wonderful torrent," while Effie brooded over her husband's neglect (their five-year marriage had never been consummated), and Millais fumed with passion for Effie. All this was brought up again in an emphatically

After bewailing the Beatles' recent Italian tour ("evenings of madness, collective hysteria, fury"), the Vatican's L'Osservatore della Domenica continued to survey the sulphurous plains of modern show business and suddenly came upon that cool, unfurling paragon Pat Boone, 31. Ah, sighed the weekly's writer in an open letter: "No shouts, no grimaces, no contortions: a deep, velvety, measured voice." But it was Pat's home life that really charmed L'Osservatore: "No grandeur, no scandal, no 'loves,' a picture of moral and professional probity"—in contrast to "some sharks we know. Even if you are not of our faith, for this example we thank you wholeheartedly, Signore Pat Boone."



NUREYEV & DURANTE
Nyet in Hollywood.

SCIENCE

SPACE EXPLORATION

Portrait of a Planet

(See Cover)

The picture was grainy and ill-defined, a blur of white curving across a black background. It would take months of painstaking analysis to determine what it really showed. But one quick glance gave the scientists at Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory the most important message of all: from 135 million miles in space, their spacecraft, Mariner IV, had sent home the first closeup portrait man has ever made of the far-off planet Mars.

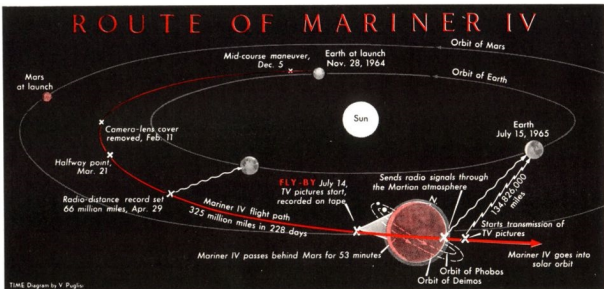
While all the world watched and waited, the ambitious timetable of U.S.

history miscalculation, Mariner was 500 miles off its intended course and caught Mars in a slightly different pose than expected—the camera focused on a 192-mile segment in the Martian area known as Phlegra. The next shots were made as Mariner swept past the eastern edge of Trivium Charontis in the direction of the southern polar cap.

Where the first and second pictures overlap, there is a twelve-mile-wide dark spot that JPL picture analysts believe is genuine and not a camera smudge—but what it is, they are not sure. The third picture, snapped from 9,500 miles out, is the most interesting one so far. The contrasts are sharper, bringing out the first distinctive features

netic fields and deep-space radiation. In the vicinity of the red planet it scouted the hazards that astronauts will meet when they try to land there. It gave earthbound experts their most accurate estimates of the planet's structure and mass; it beamed radio signals through the Martian atmosphere to study its density and looked for signs of a magnetic field.

Mariner started its historic journey on Nov. 28, 1964, only three weeks after Mariner III failed because it could not jettison its protective shroud. A powerful Atlas-Agena rocket lofted the 575-lb. Mariner IV through Earth's atmosphere, then kicked it loose to take off on its own like a great flying windmill. The spacecraft, freed from a cocoon-like covering, unfolded the four solar panels that powered its instru-



space exploration had been put to its most demanding test. And the high, undulating whine of JPL's computers seemed to change subtly into a cry of exaltation. Mariner had made it.

This was the triumphant climax of an eight-month experiment. The picture pulsing back across the far reaches of space marked the final payoff. For those pictures, JPL's boss, Physicist William Pickering, and his crew had sweated out Mariner's launch from a Cape Kennedy rocket pad; the agile combination of men and computers in the Pasadena lab had solved complex equations of trajectory with split-second precision; the members of the Mariner team had kept a close watch as they monitored their spacecraft's every signal.

By week's end, three pictures were made public. The second and third shots, like the first, showed broad, desert-like areas but few outstanding surface markings. The first photo had been snapped from a distance of 10,500 miles, catching the planet at 11 a.m. Martian time. Through a slight trajec-

to be seen in the Mariner pictures: some faint suggestion of shallow craters similar to those on the moon, and a long depression that could be a valley.

More pictures are on the way. They may reveal much more of what Mars looks like because they will cover areas generally thought to have a more varied terrain. Unlike the first shots, the later pictures were made in afternoon lighting, and shadows should bring out sharper contrasts. It will be weeks, though, before they are released.

Historic Journey. Remarkable as those photographs were, they tended for a few excited moments to hide the rest of a remarkable feat. Without a single snapshot to show for its travels, Mariner IV would still have earned its place in the annals of science. In its 325-million-mile, 228-day flight, it had charted interplanetary reaches never before explored by man and set an impressive record for long-distance communication. All during its trip, Mariner sent back valuable scientific information about the solar wind, cosmic dust, mag-

netic fields and deep-space radiation. In the vicinity of the red planet it scouted the hazards that astronauts will meet when they try to land there. It gave earthbound experts their most accurate estimates of the planet's structure and mass; it beamed radio signals through the Martian atmosphere to study its density and looked for signs of a magnetic field.

The ship was a space scientist's dream laboratory—cramped to capacity. Its four panel blades shone purple from the thin sapphire-glass coating that protects their 28,224 tiny solar cells from radiation damage. Its silvery octagonal body, made of magnesium and aluminum alloy, carried 138,000 components, including 31,696 delicate electronic components ranging from a computer to a small, 101-watt radio transmitter. It was programmed and equipped to send to Earth a continuous stream of reports on 39 scientific and 90 engineering measurements. Crowded into the spacecraft were a new type of helium gas magnetometer to study magnetic fields, an ionization chamber and Geiger

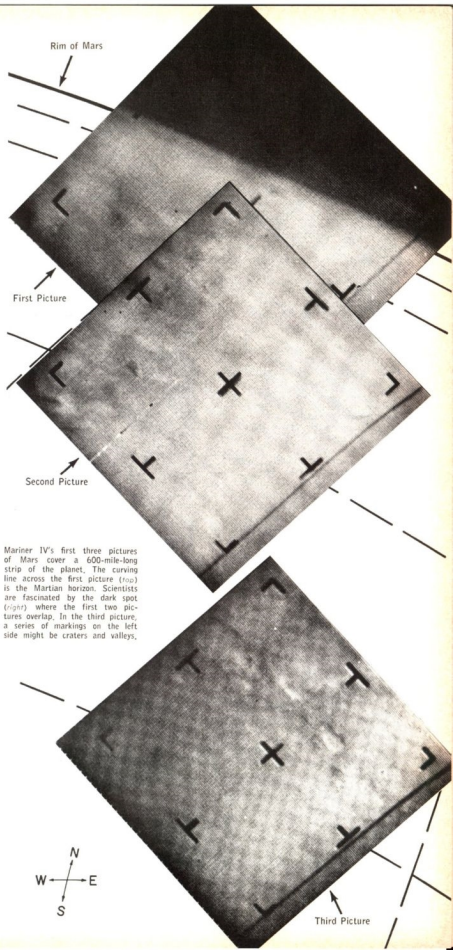
counter to measure galactic cosmic rays, a collector cup to measure the solar wind's barrage of protons, a cosmic-ray telescope and cosmic-dust collector—plus the all-important TV camera. "I don't think you could improve the payload," said one of the project scientists. "It's a damn near perfect mix of experiments."

Incredible Balance. One compartment of the spaceship housed a piece of equipment that did nothing but take up space and use electric current. It was a dummy ultraviolet light photometer. In ground tests before launch, the real one developed a disturbing habit of high-voltage arcing that not only blew out the photometer but also disrupted the TV system. Unable to replace the instrument and unwilling to risk ruining Mariner's picture mission, the engineers decided to leave the instrument behind. Since the ship was designed to carry the photometer, a replica was made of exactly the same weight; it was polished to give off the same reflection and engineered to absorb the same electric current, lest an incredibly delicate balance be upset.

Although detailed instructions for nearly all of Mariner's maneuvers were programmed in advance and stored in the on-board computer, the journey still had its moments of suspense and anxiety. The first trouble came only 16 hours after launch, when two solar pressure vanes—flaps hinged to the end of the solar panels—stuck in an up-tilted position. Unless corrected or compensated for, this fault would have been enough to head the ship on a course that would have taken it 400 miles farther away from Mars than was anticipated.

Other malfunctions plagued the early days of flight. The solar plasma probe equipment, designed to detect the low-energy protons of the solar wind, was thrown off kilter because of a defective metal clamp. A tube in the ionization chamber conked out, causing a power failure that eventually ruined the whole experiment. Mariner's roving navigation eye also got it into trouble. The bright, bluish-white star Canopus was supposed to serve as Mariner's polestar, but other bright objects began to confuse Mariner's sensor. Once it tracked the wrong star for ten days until a command from JPL directed it back to Canopus. With another command, the engineers solved the Canopus problem by shutting the brightness gate, a mechanism that caused the sensor to begin searching for its assigned star whenever it was fixed on a light considerably brighter or dimmer than Canopus. Sometimes a speck of dust reflecting the sunlight would accidentally trigger the maneuver. "The dust's effect on the sensor," says John Casani, Mariner systems manager, "really threw us for a loop."

Ultimate Accuracy. Despite such "glitches" (a spaceman's word for irritating disturbances), Mariner handled



Mariner IV's first three pictures of Mars cover a 600-mile-long strip of the planet. The curving line across the first picture (top) is the Martian horizon. Scientists are fascinated by the dark spot (right) where the first two pictures overlap. In the third picture, a series of markings on the left side might be craters and valleys.

its difficult assignment without a hitch. On Dec. 5, when it was 1,267,613 miles out, Mariner received a command from JPL to fire its rocket motor for the first and only correction of its trajectory. The ultimate accuracy of the encounter with Mars depended on this operation; hopefully it would correct for the drag of the pressure vanes and any other factors that were taking Mariner from its planned course.

Such a maneuver is based on the solution of complex mathematical equations involving all the intricacies of space mechanics. Computers at JPL took into account Mariner's speed and trajectory, its location in relation to the point in Mars's orbit where the encounter should take place, and the influence of the sun, the Earth and Mars itself. Then they calculated the thrust needed to get the ship where it had to be at the proper time. Without correction, Mariner would have strayed 150,000 miles away from target. After the mid-course maneuver, it was aimed well within its programmed 10,000 miles. A second mid-course correction, though possible, was never needed.

On Feb. 11, JPL signaled for a checkout of Mariner's photographic apparatus. The commands turned on and then turned off power to the tape recorder, and pointed the TV camera as it would have to be when it got close to Mars. Everything functioned well. Recalling the dust problem with Canopus sensors, JPL engineers decided to remove the TV lens cover then, instead of waiting until the final encounter. If there was any dust on the cover, they did not want it shaken loose to endanger the sensors at a critical moment.

Planning for Trouble. Well past midpoint in its journey, the spaceship was sailing along smoothly. No problems, only precedents. On April 29, when Mariner reached a straight-line distance from Earth of 66 million miles, it surpassed the record for long-distance space communications set two years ago by the unsuccessful Russian Mars 1 probe.

No uneventful was the flight that it began to worry Mariner Project Manager Dan Schneiderman. He was afraid that his 200-man control team might begin to take the mission too much for granted. Determined to guard against the danger, he busied his men with practice Mars encounter exercises all through the final few weeks of the flight. Working with a duplicate of the ship that was far out in space, Schneiderman's team manned their posts and computed answers to a nerve-racking sequence of simulated problems. They dealt with every imaginable glitch, from premature starts of the camera to unprogrammed movements of the scan platform that was designed to pick up the planet and tell the TV camera when to start functioning. Every decision the team made was fed into a duplicate Mariner in the laboratory, just as ra-

dioed commands might later be sent into space. The difference was that on these practice runs results could be checked, tactics could be changed.

As the real test approached last week, the months of calm gave way to hours of apprehension. So much could go haywire in such a complex operation, so much could happen to delicate instruments during such a long journey through the hazards of space. JPL statisticians had already calculated that there was only a 17% chance of getting photographs. To be sure, the JPL crew knew that the mission had already produced significant scientific results, but they also realized that only a set of pictures would mean real success. "It's a



MARINER IV

New technology for new unknowns.

failure without the pictures," said John Casani. "You're judged on the success of the most difficult part of the mission. That's the pictures, and if we don't get them, then we've failed."

Alarm in Analysis. On encounter day—July 14—JPL technicians arrived at their control center at dawn. They were filled with nagging doubts. The TV and tape-recording equipment had not been tested since February, and if something did go wrong, there would be no time to correct it because it would take 24 minutes for radio signals traveling at the speed of light to make the round trip between Mariner and the control station. Just to be on the safe side, JPL control sent a series of four last-minute direct commands to back up the programmed instruction. It was the first time the lab had talked to its ship in five months, and Mariner answered like a good boy.

The first command was sent when

Mariner was still 107,000 miles away from Mars. This turned on the camera's shutter mechanism, started the scan platform searching with a wide-angle sensor for light from Mars, and turned on the tape recorder's power. Everything was going unbelievably well. Newsmen and families of the scientists gathered in JPL's Von Kármán Auditorium to await the cryptic reports from the primary tracking stations at Johannesburg in South Africa, Woomera in Australia and Goldstone in California.

At 4:55 p.m., P.D.T., the wide-angle sensor detected the edge of Mars. Twenty-three minutes later, the narrow-angle sensor also picked up Mars. Presumably, the picture-taking sequence had begun. At 5:30 p.m., Jack James, Assistant Deputy Director of JPL in charge of lunar and planetary projects, grinned broadly as he received a report by telephone. Goldstone, he told newsmen, had just verified that the tape recorder was running. The chances of getting pictures were excellent. Mariner's cheering section broke out in applause.

The elation soon turned to despair. JPL control began receiving conflicting signals about the performance of the two-track, continuous-loop tape recorder. "There is alarm in the analysis team," James announced. The signals hinted that something was wrong with the recorder's stop mechanism. Quite possibly it was not cutting off for a 24-second interval between each picture. If so, the tape would have run through its two tracks twice as fast as it should have; it would have recorded only half of the 21 pictures. The confusion was compounded when a disembodied voice over the intercom announced: "All indications are that all was normal during the recording sequence."

Thin & Dusty. For hours now one would know for sure. While the JPL crew waited anxiously, Mariner swooped around the back side of Mars. It was out of touch with Earth for 54 minutes. During this maneuver, it performed one additional and highly important experiment. Mariner beamed radio signals back to Earth through the atmosphere of Mars. By examining the changes in amplitude and frequency of the radio waves as they arrived on Earth, scientists hoped to get a better idea of what Martian atmosphere was like.

From this experiment they soon learned that the air enveloping Mars is extraordinarily thin, about the density of Earth's atmosphere at altitudes of 93,000 ft. to 102,000 ft. Air pressure on the surface of Mars, estimates JPL Physicist Dr. A. J. Kliore, is between 10 and 20 millibars compared with Earth's average of 1,000. The Martian atmosphere is now believed to have only 1% to 2% the density of Earth's, and may also be far more turbulent. Being so thin, the Martian air would have to blow with tremendous velocity to kick

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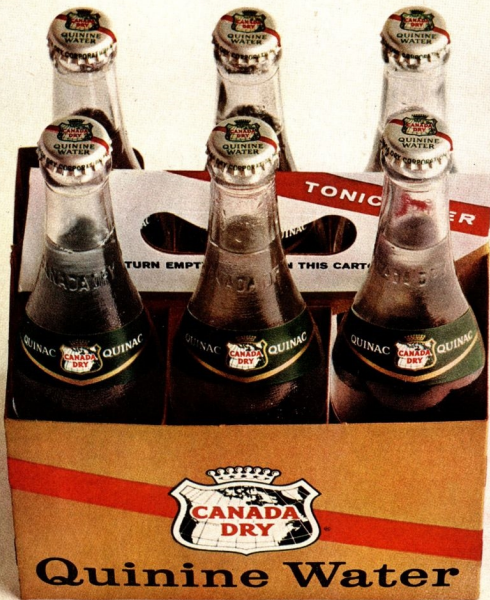


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up the dust storms thought to be characteristic of the red planet.

From the millions of measurements Mariner had already sent back, other scientists also began to draw their part of the portrait of the planet. Some preliminary conclusions:

► The magnetic field of Mars is almost nonexistent, about $1/1,000$ to $1/10,000$ that of Earth's.

► Mars does not appear to have any radiation belts similar to Earth's Van Allen belts.

► Heavy solar radiation slips through the planet's thin atmosphere to bombard its surface, but the level is not likely to be so high as to make all life impossible.

Garbage Collection. From these findings, scientists on the Mariner project could only draw a bleak, forbidding picture of Mars. They were surprised not to find signs of a magnetic field, but their instruments simply did not show any change in measurements during the encounter. Since most scientists believe that the Earth's magnetic field results from the motion of a hot liquid metal core, they now assume that Mars and Earth have basically different internal structures. Mars, in fact, may be more like the moon, which also lacks a magnetic field. "If there are any Martian men, they do not use a compass with any effectiveness," cracked Dr. James Van Allen of the State University of Iowa, who heads one of the Mariner scientific teams.

Discoverer of the Earth's radiation belt that is named after him, Dr. Van Allen (TIME cover, May 4, 1959) was particularly interested in the possibility of trapped radiation in the vicinity of Mars. But Mariner's instruments could not find any. Thus, man should be able to orbit Mars for long periods of time without heavy shields against radiation. And despite the high level of radiation on the surface of the planet, scientists say that it does not appear to be enough to discourage exploration. Man could probably visit Mars without wearing special radiation protection.

Before approaching Mars, scientists report, Mariner recorded ten solar flares (eruptions on the sun that spew out streams of particles), two of which were not noted on Earth. The cosmic dust team, nicknamed "the garbage collectors" because the dust is essentially waste material, also made an interesting discovery. They had expected the rate of dust to increase as the spacecraft traveled farther from Earth. It did—for a while. Then it abruptly diminished. "We are theorizing," says W. M. Alexander of the Goddard Space Flight Center, "that Earth and Mars act as sweepers of these dust particles, attracting them to the planets and cleaning out large paths along their orbits." No one knows how they do it.

Mariner also looked for two near-Earth phenomena. It failed to find any evidence of the giant tail of Earth's

magnetic field that is supposed to stretch thousands of miles out into space. In another experiment, Mariner measured the shock wave caused by solar pressure against Earth's magnetic field. The wave turned up three times at distances of 138,000 to 154,000 miles from Earth. This indicated, the scientists concluded, that the magnetic field around Earth is constantly expanding and contracting.

Turning Heart. Still, for many tense hours last week, the overriding question at JPL control was not Mariner's confirmed scientific coups but what it had done during the photo sequence. The suspense ended when Mariner broke its silence on schedule and began playing back the bits of digital code representing the pictures it had taken the day before. "When I saw that little print-out tape and knew we had a picture,"



PRINT-OUT OF NUMERICAL MESSAGES
Digit by digit, a view of the red planet.

says Caltech's Dr. Robert B. Leighton, chief experimenter of the picture team, "my heart turned around."

His emotion was understandable. That print-out tape, with its endless rows of digits, told the men who could read it that Mariner seemed to be obeying the intricate orders built into it so many months before. According to plan, shortly after the scanning mechanisms sighted the planet, automatically activating the photo system, the six-inch vidicon tube focused through a reflecting telescope and took its first picture. It was programmed to take one picture every 48 seconds. Each picture was made up of 200 lines—compared with 525 lines on commercial TV screens. And each line was made up of 200 dots. The pictures were held on the tube for 25 seconds while they were scanned by an electron beam that responded to the light intensity of each dot. This was translated into a numerical code with shadings running from zero for white to 63 for deepest black.

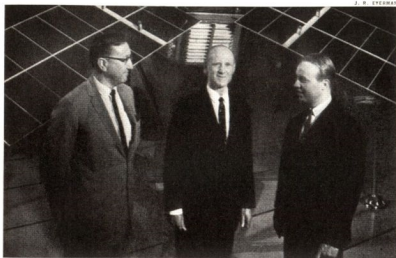
The dot numbers were recorded in the binary code of ones and zeros, the language of computers. Thus white (0) was 000000, black (63) showed up as 111111. Each picture—actually 40,000 tiny dots encoded in 240,000 bits of binary code—was stored on magnetic tape for transmission to Earth after Mariner had passed Mars. More complex in some respects than the direct transmission of video data that brought pictures back from the moon, the computer code was necessary to get information accurately all the way from Mars to Earth.

Because of the great distance and the craft's weak 101-watt radio transmitter, it took 8 hr. 35 min. to transmit the coded data that made up one picture. And by the time the signals reached a tracking station, they were no stronger than one-billionth of one-billionth of a watt. Those faint whispers were picked up by big-dish antennas and amplified a thousand times as they were piped through a liquid helium maser. So slow was the transmission rate that no complete picture could be received at any one tracking station. As the Earth's rotation carried one station out of range, another moved into position to collect the rest of the message.

Computers on Earth digested the pictures, digit by digit, and "developed" them by translating the numerical values into the correct shades of light to be projected onto a photographic film. All told, Mariner was programmed to take and transmit up to 21 such pictures of Mars. But excited Mariner engineers could not wait for the first transmission to be completed before they sneaked their first look. They processed the half picture received by the Johannesburg and Madrid tracking stations even before Goldstone, which had taken over tracking when the others lost contact, could supply its half of the tape.

The pictures were not as clear as JPL engineers had hoped for, but certainly better than they had feared. Over the next few months the Mariner picture team will experiment with various methods to highlight the most meaningful images: they will try to clean up the signals, check and recheck for errors in transmission, and exaggerate certain features by changing the contrast. In the coming few weeks the team expects to get a second and possibly third replay of Mariner's tape. The replays will be compared with the first run in an effort to eliminate any picture distortions owing to false radio signals. JPL eventually plans to construct a model of the photographed portion of Mars—less than 1% of the planet's total surface.

Eloquent Tribute. As the pictures are printed and reprinted, the data examined and re-examined, the measurements studied and restudied, the monumental achievement of Mariner IV will expand steadily. Its success already adds up to an eloquent tribute to one of the



SCHNEIDERMAN, PICKERING & CASANI BENEATH MARINER
Minor glitches but monumental achievements.

most skillful and resourceful teams ever gathered together in the pursuit of scientific knowledge. William Pickering's spacemen of JPL have more than earned their rank in the vanguard of U.S. space exploration. Among their leaders:

► Jack N. James, 44, expert in radar guidance control and organizing genius of the JPL team, was recently promoted to the job of Assistant Deputy Director of JPL in charge of lunar and planetary projects. He headed the group that built Mariner II in the incredibly brief time of eleven months, also organized the Mariner IV team.

► Dan Schneiderman, 43, electrical engineer and Mariner IV project director, had to make the final decisions on any hair-raising problems during the Mars encounter. He has worked on the Corporal and Jupiter missiles, was systems manager of the Mariner II Venus probe. His ideal: "To remain a virgin in outlook, not litter my mind with dogma."

► John Casani, 33, Mariner IV's meticulous systems manager, has a reputation among his colleagues as being the man who knows the most about every part of the spacecraft.

► Richard Sloan, 34, a Caltech-educated physicist, was in charge of the scientific instruments aboard Mariner IV. Before joining JPL for the Ranger moon shot, he did basic research on low-temperature physics at Caltech. He believes man shows his nobility by action. Says Sloan: "Tears streamed down my face when Roger Bannister broke the four-minute mile."

► Nicholas A. Renzetti, 50, a Columbia Ph.D. in physics, was responsible for directing communications to and from Mariner IV.

► Robert B. Leighton, 45, a Caltech physics professor and textbook author, is in charge of interpreting the photographs. He has made himself familiar

with Mars by taking pictures of the planet through Earth-bound telescopes.

Restless Curiosity. Led by Physicist Bill Pickering, whose own career runs through the history of U.S. space flight, those men have fashioned the most ambitious and successful space adventure yet. Mariner's pictures, Pickering was the first to admit, will add little if anything to the ancient argument over the possibility of life on Mars. But all the other data the spacecraft collected may yet supply many answers.

Man has been waiting for those answers for centuries as he has gazed into the heavens and wondered if he is alone in the universe. Of the planets nearest to Earth, Venus may be too hot for habitation; besides, it is constantly shrouded in clouds that make observation difficult. In 1962 the scientific information sent back by Mariner II (TIME cover, March 8, 1963) cast serious doubt that Venus could support life.

The red planet of Mars seemed far more promising as a likely place to start looking for planetary neighbors. Observations made by optical telescopes suggested a surface swirling with dust storms. Frost-covered polar caps could be picked out, along with marked seasonal variations, and dark regions that might well indicate vegetation of a sort. A Martian day (24 hr. 37 min.) is similar in time to Earth's, but there the apparent similarities end. Mars has a year of 687 days. It has little more than half the diameter and a shade more than one-tenth the mass of Earth. Any Martian life would probably have to survive in arid wastelands and an atmosphere that has little or no oxygen and only traces of water vapor.

According to currently accepted theories, if life does exist on Mars, it is probably of a very low order—moss, perhaps, or lichen or fungus. Nonetheless, cartoonists and science fictioners still picture a planet inhabited by little

green men with floppy antennae sprouting out of little green heads. Serious astronomers, as well, have gone in for elaborate speculations. In 1877, the respected Italian astronomer Giovanni Schiaparelli set off a surge of imaginative theories when he reported seeing *canali*, or channels, on the surface of the planet. This led to speculation that Martians might be tapping their polar regions to irrigate their vast deserts.

Other observers fancied that the canals might be the remains of a great civilization that disappeared as the planet dried out, victim of a weak gravity that could not hold moisture. A Russian astronomer even suggested that the two small moons of Mars—Deimos and Phobos—might be artificial satellites by which Martians eons ago sought to escape their dying planet. At the turn of the century one of the Boston Lowells, Astronomer Percival Lowell, long a believer in Martian life, finally despaired of finding it. "To our eventual descendants," he wrote, "life on Mars will no longer be something to scan and interpret. It will have lapsed beyond study or recall."

Mars may, indeed, have seen better times. But Lowell did not reckon with man's great leap in technology, his relentless assault on his physical boundaries—the mighty rockets and the miniaturization, the electronic computers and the sophisticated guidance and tracking systems that proliferated after World War II. They are providing man for the first time with the capability to match his restless curiosity.

Still Sweating. Many eminent scientists believe that man will eventually find life on Mars, and New Zealand-born Dr. Pickering is among them. "I've always felt we'll find some form of life on Mars," says he, "and I look forward to the day when we're landing capsules there and searching for life." Space scientists have much to learn before they launch those exploratory capsules, but Pickering's Mariner has already taught them valuable lessons.

And that voyage is far from over. At week's end, JPL men were sweating out the glitches that might mar the final pictures, even while they made plans for gathering still more valuable information from their far-traveling craft. Past Mars now, its pictures taken and its programmed experiments over, the purple-winged ship is curving off into a perpetual orbit of the sun. By Oct. 1, Mariner will be 195 million miles away from Earth, its signals too weak to monitor. In September 1967, though, after a trip that will have taken it as far as 250 million miles away, it will be back within 30 million miles of Earth. It will be within radio range once more. Perhaps by then it will have even more to tell about the mysteries of space. For after learning so much about the planet Mars, Mariner IV will remain in space as a versatile man-made planet.

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MUSIC

FESTIVALS

Sweet Sounds in the Woods

"If musicians have a special paradise, it will be like this," remarked Japanese Cellist Ko Iwasaki as he gazed around a sunlit meadow. Pianist Rudolf Serkin was in animated conversation with Conductor Eugene Ormandy, Hungary's greatest living composer, Zoltán Kodály, 82, and his blonde wife Sarolta, 26, were talking over old times with Cellist Pablo Casals, 89, and his dark-haired wife Marta, 24. Under an oak tree Violinists Shmuel Ashkenasi (from Israel) and Charles Avsharian (from the U.S.) were playing a bridge game with Tenor Jon Humphrey (Robert Shaw Chorale soloist) and Horn Player Steve Seiffert (first horn, Buffalo Philharmonic).

This version of heaven was the Marlboro Festival, an event that for 15 years has been attracting an international group of artists to an 18th-century ghost town in the shadow of Vermont's Mount Hogback. The festival began when the trustees of tiny (128 students) Marlboro College offered its campus to some of its musical neighbors, most celebrated among them Pianist Rudolf Serkin. In the years since, Serkin has made the festival a center where outstanding soloists, chamber players and orchestral musicians come together for eight summer weeks to work and study in an atmosphere far removed from the usual professional pressures. Many turn down lucrative offers so that they can spend the season at Marlboro playing neglected or unknown works by famous and lesser-known composers. Serkin describes Marlboro as "the accumulation of great talents who inspire each other without competition in a spirit of unselfishness—which is not only rare but idealistic."

Out of Sheds. The musicians live in the students' dormitories, which are either converted farm buildings or handsomely modern wood-and-glass structures, or in nearby cottages. Practice time is unlimited, and practice space is a musician's dormitory room, a laboratory, or one of the sheds scattered through the woods of the old 300-acre farm on which the college was started in 1947. Thus the woods are full of sounds and sweet airs. When players think a work is ready, a decision will be made whether to perform it privately at an informal concert for fellow musicians or for the weekend public—or simply to continue playing it for pleasure.

These professionals live and learn in absolute informality under the guidance of Serkin and, since 1960, Cellist Pablo Casals, who annually makes the trip from Puerto Rico just for the festival. A clapboard barn has been turned into a communal dining room and studio; a second violin might rub elbows with Eugene Ormandy over a dish of veal and boiled potatoes, and everybody takes a turn at doing the waiting chores; last weekend two of the men on duty were Max Rabinovitsj, concertmaster of the St. Louis Symphony, and Mischa Schneider of the Budapest Quartet.

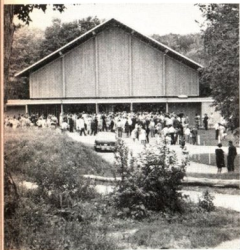
Free & Equal. If the setting is like a boys' prep school mess hall, the talk is still music. And even when participants joke about the master ("There

is a man called Roody./Who never seems too moody"), the remarkable gentleness and modesty of Rudolf Serkin inspires utmost respect and admiration. Said Israeli Cellist Raphael Sommer, who came from Paris just for Marlboro: "It is a great lesson in humility for me to study under such great men as Serkin and Casals. It is an incredible spiritual uplift—like a ray of sunshine from those above us. And to actually play with them—with a man like Serkin! We are free and equal with them. You could not find anything else like this in the world."

While the audiences are relatively small, they come from far and wide. Last week a capacity audience filled the 630-seat auditorium (recently replacing a former cow shed) and flowed into the fields to hear Pablo Casals conduct the Marlboro Orchestra in two programs. The highlight was Johann Sebastian Bach's *Suite No. 4 in D Major*.

The old man inspired obvious reverence from his colleagues. Two violinists helped him to the podium, where he sank gratefully into his special chair. He conducted sitting down, but sprang upright at moments of crescendo or crisis. His right arm sustained the tempos with wide, sweeping gestures; his left hand energetically swayed from the wrist with a vibrato movement, coaxing sweetness from the orchestra as he does from a cello. The result was a Bach that no one had heard ever before. At concert's end, the Vermont mountains echoed with bravos for the world's greatest cellist, who had proved that he could have become an equally exceptional conductor. Says Casals: "Bach must be conducted with the same passion that a pianist puts into Chopin: after all, Johann Sebastian was a very healthy man who fathered 20 children."

A concert tour of Europe and the Middle East this summer under State Department sponsorship gives Marlboro the privilege of being the first complete festival exported from the U.S. It is an orchestra no commercial organization could afford to keep together for long, in which the first violins, for instance, include Alexander Schneider of the Bu-



MARLBORO AUDITORIUM



CASALS CONDUCTING



SERKIN & THE KODÁLYS
Under Mount Hogback, rays of sunshine.

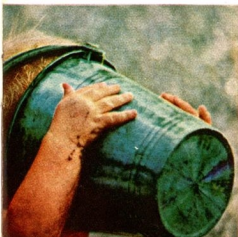


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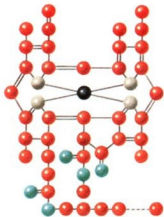
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The upper branches of the trees are home to many kinds of animals. Squirrels not only live in the trees, but feed upon their seeds. This is small loss to the trees, and being dropped or buried by squirrels and other animals is an important way for new seeds to get into the ground.



The forest food chain which starts with leaves ends with animals like foxes and wolves. They feed upon almost every other group of organisms in the forest, but particularly upon small mammals like rodents and raccoons which may eat smaller animals or feed directly upon plants.



Insects contribute to the life of the forest in their own way, even though many are harmful. Feeding directly upon leaves and other parts of plants, they are the main food of birds and toads. Insects of the forest floor contribute to the process of decay which renews and fertilizes the soil.



Toads live on the forest floor and find abundant food in the smaller, crawling things about them. To protect themselves from being fed upon in turn, the backs of many toads are covered with poison glands that can cause pain and even death to animals that try to eat them.



The water which the leaves use to make glucose enters the tree through tiny hairs at the tips of the roots. The deep and tangled network of roots beneath the forest floor not only supports the trees and gives them water, but keeps soil from eroding by preventing the formation of gullies.



Earthworms are just one of hundreds of kinds of animals dwelling on and under the forest floor, ranging down to microscopic size. Burrowing through the earth in a ceaseless search for food, they create a maze of passages that allow air and water to pass freely through the soil.



Many insects in their larval stage feed upon the woody parts of trees. Some attack living trees, and frequently destroy them. Others feed upon dead trunks and branches, and contribute to the life of the forest by causing the wood to crumble, speeding the process of decay.



Birds, too, live in the leafy crowns of trees. They contribute to the life of the forest by feeding voraciously upon insects which could, if allowed to multiply unchecked, destroy the forest. Some birds, such as owls and hawks, also eat toads and squirrels and other small animals of the forest.



Not all plants have chlorophyll to help them make food out of air and water. The mushrooms and other fungi feed on dead plant matter, reworking the nutrients that the green plants have created to suit their own needs. And, in so doing, they release many valuable substances to the soil.



All living matter dies, and dying, ultimately reaches the domain of the decay bacteria. Decay keeps dead matter from piling up. It releases back into the soil minerals that were dissolved in water that passed through the roots up to the leaves. Decay is the renewal of life.

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Trees alone do not make a forest. It is a complex community of many living things that help each other thrive.

Growth and decay, growth and decay. The eternal cycle of life everywhere is most intimately revealed in the forest. Last year's leaves, decomposing at the very feet of the trees that bore them, help the soil grow richer to nourish next year's leaves. But leaves do not decay without assistance. Bacteria and fungi do that work, while finding sustenance in the leaves they destroy.

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dapest Quartet, and one of four violists is Soloist Jorge Mester. They are all playing for no wages at all. "They are ready," said Casals proudly. "It is time that America brought culture to the Europeans."

SINGERS

Orchids from the Outback

Fourteen years ago Joan Sutherland left Sidney as an unknown typist. Last week she returned home as *La Stupenda*, heading her own opera company, with 145 members, for a four-week tour of Australia. Melbourne proudly put on its best bib and tucker for the local girl who made good. Bewigged footmen in period costume

HERALD & WEEKLY TIMES, MELBOURNE



SUTHERLAND IN MELBOURNE
33 curtain calls.

bowed as they opened the doors of Rolls-Royces, Bentleys, Jaguars and Daimlers for elegant women wearing chinchilla and diamond tiaras, distinguished men in white tie and tails as they passed through the chilly Australian winter night into Her Majesty's Theater.

The glittering audience that had paid an Australian record top of \$23.50 for a seat were treated to the city's finest opera performance since Nellie Melba returned to her native shores in 1902. As the mad, forsaken Scots girl in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Sutherland was in superb voice. Authoritative conducting was provided by her husband Richard Bonyng, and there was an authentic touch of the Scottish highlands in the sets and luxurious costumes. Result was 33 curtain calls. As *La Stupenda* plucked sprays from Cooktown orchids for the supporting cast and kissed her husband, enthusiastic galleryites stamped so loudly that a nervous opera buff sitting below wondered: "How long can the theater stand the strain of a Sutherland tour?"

Rockwell Report

by A. C. Daugherty

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



WE THINK IT'S TIME for people to come to grips with the fact that on a planet that has more than 300 million cubic miles of water there can be no water "shortage."

There can be lack of foresight and planning, or inadequate funds to purify or put water where it is needed. There can be lack of sound controls on its waste or contamination. Indeed, combinations of these conditions exist in too many communities everywhere. But it would be inaccurate to call them "shortages".

On the other hand, what do you tell people who see their animals dying, crops failing to mature, plants shutting down, fires burning out of control, schools closing? What do you tell the man who is fined for washing his car or not fixing a leaky faucet?

Why not tell them the facts: that stream pollution and contamination can happen only when people turn away from their individual responsibilities to help prevent it; that sheer waste of water can be prevented only by insisting that the people who waste it pay for its use; that planning and carrying out water supply and conservation programs today is the only way to avoid potential catastrophe tomorrow.

Why not arm them with the knowledge that a nation that used 118 trillion gallons last year is adding 25,000 gallons per minute to its water use every day of the year. That the addition of one person to the population adds 600,000 gallons to yearly personal, industrial and commercial water requirements. For instance, it's estimated that the average new car requires 400 tons of water in its production.

There are many responsible but frustrated men devoting their lives to this problem. The heart of their frustration lies in the apathy of millions of people who complain passively about water "shortages," but take no responsible part in their communities to help solve them.

Somehow, ways must be found to convince people that solving water shortages is a problem that must be lived with. For a very simple reason. Water is something that people cannot live without.

* * *

When people pay for what they use, they are less apt to waste it. Installation of water meters has cut water consumption by as much as fifty per cent in some communities, thereby greatly increasing the ability of present water facilities to serve more people. The fact that we make water meters and valves gives us an important commercial interest in the water problem, but does not alter the truth that water metering is the most effective method of water conservation yet devised.

* * *

We know about one metered community where water is being conserved for no necessary reason. Their water reservoir is literally overflowing with water. Apparently, however, many residents think a nearby reservoir, which is much larger and serves an entirely different community, is the source of their water. And it is nearly empty. People have been seen stopping their cars, gazing sadly at the low water level, and driving away shaking their heads in dismay. And water consumption figures stay way below normal!

* * *

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 22 basic markets.



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COMPOSERS

"In This Age of Dodecaphonics"

Leonard Bernstein is a man of so many parts that he finds it hard to find time for the part that is serious composer. He had not composed a work since the *Kaddish* symphony two years ago. But he could not say no when the Bishop of Chichester asked him to create a piece for the 1965 Tri-Choir Festival to be held at the ancient cathedral in Sussex, England. Last week a capacity audience of the excited and curious packed into New York's Philharmonic Hall to hear the *Chichester Psalms*.

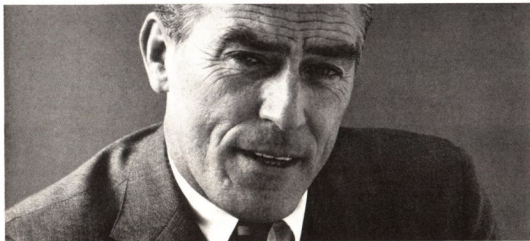
Psalms, like its predecessor, is a choral work in Hebrew and is scored for a prodigious cavalcade of instruments including a glockenspiel, xylophone, a pair of cymbals, a suspended cymbal, tambourine, triangle, rasps, whip, wood block, three temple blocks, timpani, snare drum, bass drum and three bongo drums. Conductor-Composer Bernstein made the most of them; he went through his entire ballet routine on the podium and had the Philharmonic Orchestra playing like gods, and the Camerata Singers sounding like angels.

Hot-Gospeling Psalm. The work opened with the first two verses of *Psalm 108*: "Urah, hanevel, v'chiner! A-irah shachar! [Awake, psalmist and harp! I will rouse the dawn!]" on a crisp accented chord in 6/4 time. A swelling chorus that any director would snap up for a Biblical movie epic passed into a hot-gospeling rendition of *Psalm 100* ("Make a joyful noise unto the Lord"). *Psalm 23* ("The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want") was a pastoral solo sung by a boy alto till the chorus interrupted with "Why do the nations rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" The third and finest section of Bernstein's 18½-minute work interweaves *Psalm 131* through a simple canon to a pianissimo "Amen."

An applauding audience of Bernstein fans loved it. The critics were less enthusiastic, but respectful. "Extremely direct and simple—and very beautiful," said the *New York Times*. But to some sophisticated ears, it was only a skillfully composed travesty of religious sentimentality that plucked the heart strings but left the spirit untouched. Explained Bernstein, "I feel that it is my simplest and most direct composition. It's very difficult to write tonal music in this age of dodecaphonics, and I'm stuck with being a tonal composer."

Possibly Rolled. The performance was actually a premiere, since the work will not be played at Chichester itself until later this month. Let the bishop be on guard: he will need to assemble a highly capable cathedral choir. Aside from the challenge of the score, there is the problem of pronunciation (for non-Hebrew speakers) as posed in Bernstein's notes: "*H*—slightly guttural, though not so guttural as *ch*, which is pronounced as in German (*Buch*). *R*—rolled if possible, as in Italian."

Iron man



Never sick a day in his life. He was fond of saying doctors would go broke if they depended on him.

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Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious—or just sublime?

RESORTS

Builder's Paradise

Since Hawaii achieved statehood in 1959, the waves of tourism that wash its many beaches have reached almost tidal proportions. Visitors have increased by 75% in the past six years, and developers have rushed to capitalize on the bonanza. On four of Hawaii's major islands, some 64 resorts and hotels are now in various stages of building or planning. This week one of the biggest names in the resort business in another ocean makes his Pacific bow: Laurance Rockefeller will open his \$15 million-plus Mauna Kea Beach Hotel complex on the "big island" of Hawaii.

\$100,000 per Room. A rare blend of innkeeper and conservationist, Rockefeller has until now specialized in the Caribbean, building quiet, out-of-the-way resorts on Bali-Ha'i beaches with 24-carat accommodations—Caneel Bay on St. John's, Little Dix Bay on Virgin Gorda, Dorado Beach in Puerto Rico. Mauna Kea may prove his biggest resort investment so far. Designed by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, the hotel is a tiered, four-story structure whose 154 rooms surround palm-filled inner courtyards. Guests with rooms facing west gaze out on a beach with sand the consistency of powdered sugar and water that has never known seaweed. Those to the east look out over an 18-hole golf course designed by Robert Trent Jones that Jack Nicklaus has described as "more fun to play than any course I know." Farther to the east stands Mauna Kea itself, whose 13,825-ft. snow-capped crest makes it the tallest island mountain in the world.

The interiors are almost as spectacular. Not one to pinch pennies on the extras that make the difference, Rockefeller lined lobbies, corridors and courtyards with \$90,000 worth of art objects, ranging from a 13th century Buddha head to colorful Hawaiian quilts. Although modest in size, the guest rooms (\$28 to \$48 a day) are sumptuously outfitted. All feature willow head-

MODERN LIVING

boards from Milan, teak bedside tables, Thai bedspreads and framed collections of seashells, plus spacious balconies to sun on. Bathrooms have mirror walls, marble sink counters, built-in ice-cube makers and overhead infrared lamps. A tri-level restaurant affords virtually every table a front-row view of the ocean. Rockefeller's total costs come to an astronomical \$100,000 per room—a handsome bet on the hope that intelligent and affluent tourists will spend the extra effort to get to his far-away paradise rather than stop short at Waikiki Beach.

Other Places, Other Builders. South of Rockefeller's Mauna Kea, California Oil Millionaire Johnno M. Jackson is opening Kona Village in September, which will consist of 130 cottages spread around a lagoon, each decorated and designed in Malayan, Fijian, Samoan or Tahitian style. Public facilities will be housed in an authentic long house built over the ruins of an old meeting house. Because a tortuous, seven-mile trail is all that connects the village with public highways and commercial airports, guests will have to be ferried in by private plane or boat.

All of the outer islands, which ten years ago had only one hotel room for every four on Waikiki Beach, are bustling. On Kauai, the Sheraton Corp. of America is about to start spadework on a 200-room luxury hotel, and the foundations were recently begun for the 250-room Royale Gardens Hotel that will look out over the island's east coast. On Maui, the first 160 rooms of Kaanapali Hotel recently opened. Eventually, the hotel will cost \$60 million and provide 2,500 rooms, three 18-hole golf courses, a shopping center and convention facilities. Kapalua Beach north of Kaanapali is slated for four new 200- to 400-room resort hotels, one to be built by Hilton.

More Aloha. Oahu developers are not sitting on their lanais. Five miles east of Waikiki, the Hilton chain two winters ago opened a ten-story, 300-room monument to the American tourist. From its 2,500-lb. crystal chandelier in the lobby to its cabana-rimmed oval swimming pool (60 ft. from the ocean), it is a midsummer night's dream of opulence. Higher-priced suites feature divided his and hers bathrooms, hers sporting an oversized bathtub, his a stall shower. Outside, porpoises frolic in a large garden pool shaded by trellises loaded down with bougainvillea. As a finishing touch, the Kahala Hilton has opened its own heliport, which cuts the hops to Honolulu's airport from 40 to ten minutes.

Equally lavish is the new 30-story Ilikai Hotel, which looms over Waikiki Beach. This towering, supercalifragilisticexpialidocious structure (Julie Andrews is now in residence) was built by Hawaiian Tycoon Chinn Ho and is described by him as having "more aloha per cubic foot than any other hotel in the world." It houses 509 condominium apartments and 506 hotel rooms, each of which commands a matchless view of Diamond Head or Koolau Range, and has its own kitchenette, complete with refrigerator, toaster and coffee maker.

Guests can come and go to their rooms via a glass-walled elevator suspended outside the building or sit by a musical fountain whose waters dance and change colors in harmony with piped-in music. Next project on Ho's agenda is a 5,000-acre development along the northwestern Makaha Beach (famed for its 30-ft. surfing waves). When finished, it will comprise 4,000 hotel rooms, 5,000 homes and a 36-hole golf course.

If the tourist estimates hold up and the new resorts pay off, thousands of Hawaiians will find themselves with a lot of cash on their hands. What will they do with it? Probably spend their vacation in Tokyo or New York City, just to get away from it all.



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Whitey: And some prefer the light.

Blackie: Two different tastes.

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MEDICINE

CARDIOLOGY

New Culprit in Heart Disease?

Fresh clues pointing to causes of heart disease appear regularly, and new styles in preventive medicine follow inevitably. Researchers have urged programs of regular exercise and have warned against smoking. Doctors have spelled out the dangers of excess weight; others have worried about weight fluctuation caused by repeated crash diets. More recently, physicians have concentrated on cholesterol and other fats. Now they have tracked down another apparent culprit.

After a six-year study of community health patterns in a small Michigan city, a team of University of Michigan scientists found that blood sugar levels provide a further indication of heart disease risk along with blood fats and high blood pressure, two factors now most commonly linked with heart disease. Though it is known that an elevated sugar level often indicates diabetes, and diabetes in turn often leads to atherosclerosis, the Michigan study, reported in the *Annals of Internal Medicine*, marks the first large-scale study that links blood sugar to heart-and-artery disease.

Led by Dr. Thomas Francis Jr., the head of Michigan's epidemiology department, the team chose Tecumseh, Mich. (pop. 9,500), as typical of the U.S. heartland. Settled in 1824, the town has several industries, a busy main street and a fringe of farms. The researchers arrived in 1959, persuaded 8,600 residents, nine-tenths of the community, to give details of their past family and medical history and to visit a clinic where doctors took blood and urine samples, electrocardiograms, chest X rays, along with complete physical examinations. Then the doctors plotted the frequency of coronary, hypertensive, rheumatic and congenital heart failure in a variety of sex and age groups. They found that along with cholesterol level and blood pressure, blood sugar level is an additional significant factor in predicting the probability of heart disease.

DRUGS

New Use for Thalidomide?

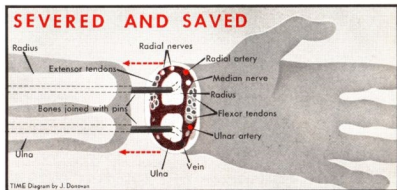
For 19 months, the 44-year-old leprosy patient lay in Jerusalem's Rothschild Hadassah University Hospital, plagued with insomnia and skin eruptions, muscle and joint pains, and high fever—the devilish collection of leprosy-caused symptoms known as lepra reaction. In a last-ditch effort to ease his pain and that of five similarly afflicted patients, Israeli Dermatologists Felix Sagher and Jakob Sheskin decided last November to try an unorthodox remedy: thalidomide.

It was no secret that the drug was an effective tranquilizer, but it had been withdrawn from the market after thousands of pregnant women who used it delivered malformed babies. "To our surprise," reported Dr. Sheskin in *Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics*, "there was rapid subjective and objective improvement." Within eight to 48 hours, pain eased, skin lesions disappeared, and temperature returned to normal. Since then, a score of leprosy patients have been given thalidomide daily, with equally encouraging results.

Leprosy is far from a major health problem in Israel, but there are at least 12 million cases in remote tropical and subtropical areas of the world. And though thalidomide, thus far, has been

bones (ulna and radius) with pins, and sutured the arteries back together. Then they unclamped the arteries of the arm and let blood pour out through the hand veins for four minutes to make sure the vessels were clean. That done, they clamped off the artery flow and rejoined the veins. Then, starting from the center, they worked to the outside reconnecting nerves and tendons. Finally, they sewed up the skin and put on a cast to keep the bones immobile. In all, the operation took eight hours, and Pennell's hand was saved.

In many respects, the operation was similar to the arm-saving surgery performed on 12-year-old Little Leaguer Everett Knowles Jr.* at Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital (TIME, June 8, 1962). The major difference was that Everett's arm had been torn off by a train. Pennell's hand had been neatly



used solely to reverse the dangerous lepra reaction, the Israeli doctors are continuing the dosage to see if it has any effect on the disease itself. Thalidomide's producer, Chemie Gruenthal of Germany, is watching the Israeli experiments closely to see if the controversial drug might yet have a useful application.

SURGERY

Helped by a Clean Cut

Convict Robert Pennell, 26, was trimming tree limbs with a North Carolina prison road gang last month when he stumbled over a small hole. Falling forward, he stuck out his left hand to catch himself, just as a fellow prisoner swung a sharp ax. The swipe accidentally chopped off Pennell's hand at the wrist. One prisoner fashioned a tourniquet from a shoestring and a stick to keep him from bleeding to death, while another gingerly picked up the severed hand and wrapped it in a handkerchief. Pennell was rushed to North Carolina Baptist Hospital in Winston-Salem. Packed in ice, the hand rode the ambulance with him.

A surgical team led by Surgeon Jesse Meredith was waiting for Pennell when he arrived, 90 minutes after the accident. They scrubbed clean both the stump and the hand, set the severed



PENNELL'S HAND
By shoestring and stitches.

severed—a great aid for the North Carolina surgeons. For that bit of luck, Pennell had himself to thank; just before the accident he had sharpened the ax that cut him.

This week, with a month's recuperation behind him, he will go back to prison to complete his sentence of three to five years for breaking and entering. Pennell will soon become eligible for parole, and hopes eventually to start life anew as a two-fisted worker in a furniture factory. Though he may never regain full feeling in his left hand, Dr. Meredith expects it will eventually recover 70% of its function.

* Whose arm is still on the mend. He can now bend his elbow and make a fist, but faces another tendon operation to give him fuller control of his hand.

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Courage in South Africa

Upon hearing that a South African paper had published a sensational exposé of conditions in the country's prisons, the London Sunday Times sent a cable to its Johannesburg stringer asking for details. "I dare not risk prosecution and gaoling by cabling this story," answered Stringer Benjamin Pogrud. He had reason for his fears. He had written the story in the first place for the nation's most outspoken newspaper, the Rand Daily Mail. And Prime Minister Verwoerd's police were already making trouble.

Pogrud's exposé was based on the experience of South African Art Teach-

took the hint. Its editors simply tracked down a Londoner with a subscription to the South African paper and lifted the story, then splashed it across the front page. Editorialized the London paper: "Now Gandar awaits the knock on the door in the darkness at noon which is moving across South Africa. For this is the testing time for those journalists and editors in that country who have risked jail and intimidation to keep their press free."

Editor Gandar, who has been threatened many times before by the government, is not especially perturbed. Under the Prisons Act, he is safe from prosecution so long as he can verify his facts. He is sure he can. He is now collecting some affidavits on prison conditions from other ex-convicts and preparing further exposés. "We have opened up a chink in the curtain of secrecy surrounding our prisons," he wrote in an editorial last week. "We are now going ahead to bust it wide open."

Differences at the Times

For many months the New York Times has consistently and firmly deplored U.S. policy in Viet Nam. It has repeatedly argued against escalating the war: "The continued bombing of North Viet Nam makes progress toward a peaceful settlement—however far off it must necessarily be—more difficult rather than less, harder rather than easier." It has never tired of proposing peaceful approaches to North Viet Nam, even suggesting that another suspension of bombings might cause Hanoi to "take some face-saving peace initiative of its own." It has been willing to make more of a compromise at the negotiation table than most U.S. policymakers: "The course of sanity is to explore the initiatives opened up by Secretary-General Thant and General de Gaulle for negotiations to seek a neutralization of Viet Nam and all Southeast Asia."

Peace at No Price. For all that, the regular Times reader could not miss the fact that among the paper's senior staffers, opinion on Viet Nam is less than unanimous. Last February, Military Affairs Editor Hanson W. Baldwin wrote an article for the Sunday magazine urging the U.S. to step up its commitment to Viet Nam and prepare for a long war. "Viet Nam is a nasty place to fight," said Baldwin. "But there are no neat and tidy battlefields in the struggle for freedom; there is no 'good' place to die. And it is far better to fight in Viet Nam—on China's doorstep—than fight some years hence in Hawaii, on our own frontiers." The same day Baldwin's piece appeared, the Times issued a rebuttal: "Such an approach discards any pretense that our objective in Viet Nam is to protect the Vietnamese people."

Columist Cyrus L. Sulzberger, nephew of Times Board Chairman Arthur Hays Sulzberger, has consistently called

for firmness in Viet Nam and warned against negotiating from weakness: "It takes two sides to negotiate, and what the other side makes plain is that all it wants is total victory." Doubtful of the chances of peace until the Viet Cong have suffered some military reverses, Sulzberger prophesied the collapse of British Prime Minister Harold Wilson's recent mission to Viet Nam: "One purpose the Wilson peace tour can achieve when it fails—as it almost certainly will—is to make more Americans and America's friends finally realize that what the Viet Cong and Hanoi want is peace at no price, and what Peking wants is no peace whatsoever."

Last week the Times Sunday magazine ran another notable dissent—this time from an outsider, Henry Fairlie, British political analyst for the Spectator and the Daily Telegraph. Fairlie suggested that the U.S. is a benevolent, modern-day empire entrusted with peacekeeping in the world whether it likes the idea or not. "No empire," said Fairlie, "can contract and hope to survive. It must either be strenuously maintained or disintegrate. No empire, it follows, can selectively withdraw from its frontiers without inviting another empire to advance. America cannot abandon her responsibilities in any one part of the world without sacrificing them elsewhere. An empire does not exist apart from the will at the center, and that will cannot be shown to be weak in one area without its being assumed to be weak elsewhere."

Sense of Purpose. A frontier such as Viet Nam is always "dangerous," said Fairlie. "It is where interests meet, and may collide. It is where the claims of others seem to be strongest, and one's own claims most open to question. But frontier wars are the inescapable moments of truth for an empire. That America is now 'dissipating' her resources in small wars around the world seems to me, therefore, a meaningless criticism. The 'cloud of critics' at the center, as Gibbon contemptuously dismissed them, may react nervously to every exercise of their country's power. But I have traveled in some of the states and have found in the mass of her people a sense of purpose, even a clearness of mission, which is truly imperial. I am concerned that America should recognize that the responsibility she has undertaken is inescapable, is indivisible, is without logical defense but also without practical substitute; is wasteful and often repugnant but ultimately merciful and needing no apology."

Last week readers of the Times noted a subtle change of tone on the editorial page—as if the internal debate for the moment had come to an end. In the face of changing events, the Times acknowledged that it would be disastrous for the U.S. to quit Viet Nam in the near future. "Viet Nam is a different kind of war from Korea, but it is a war—one that the nation must recognize as such; and it is time to say so."



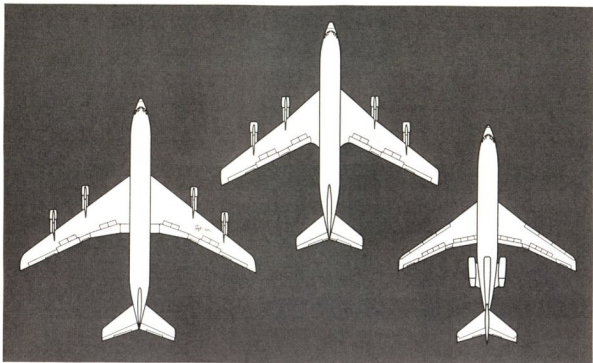
POGRUD (CENTER) & EDITOR GANDAR*
Opening a chink.

er Robert Harold Strachan, 39, who had served a three-year sentence for political conspiracy, and was so sickened by what he saw that he went to the Rand Daily Mail to tell all. Editor Laurence Gandar (TIME, Jan. 8), checked carefully, put Pogrud to work, then published Strachan's appalling story of filth and disease, of beatings and other tortures suffered mainly by blacks in South Africa's prisons.

As soon as the first two installments of the three-part series appeared, the police put Strachan under house arrest, then dropped in on the Rand Daily Mail and confiscated the typescripts of the series. The final installment had already been set, and the paper courageously went ahead and printed it. When no other newspaper would touch the story, the Rand Daily Mail blandly noted: "There is no onus on any person who has copies of the three issues to dispose of them."

It was the London Daily Mail that

* Receiving a search warrant at the Rand Daily Mail.



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BOEING 737

THE LAW

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

Divorce Across the Border

For 14 months, thousands of New Yorkers have nervously pondered a personal though international question: Is a Mexican divorce valid? In the now famous case of *Rosenstiel v. Rosenstiel*, a state court last year answered with a shattering no—thus endangering all New Yorkers who remarried after getting Mexican divorces. Last week the state's highest court saved those marriages by upholding the divorces—and raising new questions about the legal mess that drives New Yorkers to Mexico in the first place.

By virtue of laws going back 178 years, New York is the only state that recognizes only one ground for divorce:

MICHAEL BLISS—FORTUNE



MR. ROSENSTIEL

yer duly appeared to admit the allegation and submit her to the court's jurisdiction. So split the Kaufmanns. "*Vaya con Dios*," said the judge in the traditional Mexican farewell to the divorced.

In New York two years later, the ex-Mrs. Kaufmann married Lewis S. Rosenstiel, aging, multimillionaire boss of Schenley Industries. Later, the marriage soured. With a huge fortune at stake, the Rosenstiels began fighting in court over his contention that her Mexican divorce was invalid, thus annulling their marriage and with it her claims to his money. In 1964, his lawyer (Roy Cohn) finally beat her lawyer (Louis Nizer) with a trial court decision holding that Mexico lacked jurisdiction over Mrs. Rosenstiel because she was in fact a New York resident when the divorce

WALTER KELLER—NEW YORK DAILY NEWS



MRS. ROSENSTIEL

A compelling argument for reform.

adultery proved by third-party testimony. Couples determined to divorce often resort to staged infidelity, while those who can afford to, get divorces in other states. In theory, U.S. marriages can be ended only by the state of "domicile"—the state in which the parties really live. In practice, states such as Idaho and Nevada permit divorce after only six weeks' residence. And inconsistent as it seems, New York approves such divorces; the Constitution commands all states to give "full faith and credit" to one another's court judgments.

Sixty-Minute Split. For divorce-bound New Yorkers, Mexico offered advantages. A Mexican divorce takes one day and roughly \$500 (v. \$3,000 in Reno), including jet fare to El Paso and cab fare across the border to Juárez. The only real requirement is the mutual consent of the parties to the divorce. Thus in 1954, a Rumanian millionaire named Felix E. Kaufmann spent about one hour in Juárez registering as a "resident" and petitioning the local court to grant him a divorce based on incompatibility with his wife Susan. Susan's law-

yer was granted. As a result, she was still Mrs. Kaufmann and had never been Mrs. Rosenstiel.

Balanced Public Policy. In upholding her appeal from that decision last week, the New York Court of Appeals unanimously agreed that voiding past Mexican divorces would be a rank injustice. By a vote of 4 to 2, however, the court sharply split over future Mexican divorces. The majority upheld them on pragmatic grounds. Since the state of domicile is no longer truly relevant, ruled the majority, it makes no sense to insist that a one-day Mexican divorce is substantially different from a six-week Nevada divorce. In light of the hardships caused by New York's divorce laws, suggested the court, "a balanced public policy requires that recognition of the bilateral Mexican divorce be given rather than withheld."

In sharp dissent, Chief Judge Charles S. Desmond argued that "no court is licensed to write a new state policy, however attractive or convenient." He backed legislative change only. Even more sharply, Judge John F. Scileppi

argued that the majority's logic would lead inevitably to approval of mail-order Mexican divorces—a not inconceivable possibility, considering the fact that *Rosenstiel*, in effect, gives New York two divorce laws, one for those who can afford to fly to Mexico, and one for those who cannot.

What the case shows most clearly is the urgent need for divorce reform not only in New York but also throughout a country where one out of four marriages now ends in divorce. To many lawyers, the present diversity of state laws spawns fraud as well as inequity. The answer is a uniform matrimonial code based on modern realities.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Finding His Father's Killer

Welby Lee is a tireless Tennessee who has spent 20 years and traveled 100,000 miles in search of the hit-and-run driver who killed his father on a country road on New Year's Eve, 1944. With only a broken bumper guard as solid evidence, Lumber Merchant Lee, now 52, traced scores of cars and suspects before he caught up last year with Grover Jones, 56, an Indianapolis handyman. On the basis of Lee's mound of circumstantial evidence, Jones was indicted for second-degree murder, only to have the case wind up in a mistrial (TIME, Nov. 20).

Last week Jones went on trial again in Celina, Tenn. (pop. 1,228). Again, he denied even being in Tennessee on the night Lee's father was killed. This time prosecution witnesses placed Jones less than a quarter-mile away from the death scene only minutes before the accident. The shirt-sleeved jurors needed less than two hours to bring in a verdict of involuntary manslaughter, fixed his sentence at a year and a day. "I'm very disappointed," protested Jones. Said Welby Lee: "Justice was done."

Encouraging Good Samaritans

A drunken quarrel flared in the shabby Newark apartment when Aaron R. Rudesel suddenly began berating his girl friend, Dollie Fair. After Aaron warmed up, he hit Dollie in the mouth. She brandished a knife; he cut her with another. A third member of the party, named John B. Lynn, jumped up bearily and cried, "Man, you shouldn't cut your woman like that." As the men grappled, Dollie fled. In the melee, Rudesel was stabbed, and then Lynn took it on the lam.

Dollie Fair and John Lynn both wound up on trial for killing Rudesel. And in his charge to the jury, the judge cast the case in terms of one question: To what extent were the accused entitled to defend themselves against Rudesel? So charged, the jury found Dollie guilty of manslaughter and Lynn of second-degree murder.

What the trial judge overlooked, said the New Jersey Supreme Court in the course of reversing both convictions,



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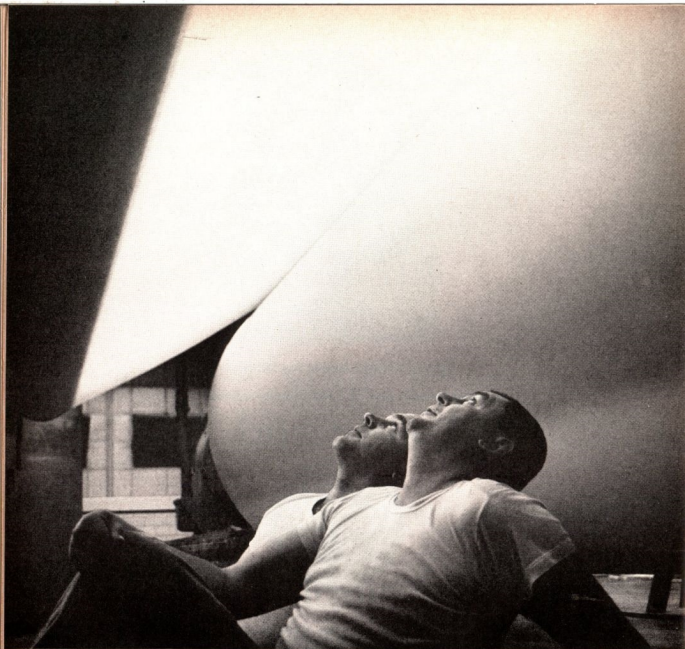


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was the more important issue of Lynn's right to intervene in defense of Dollie. Striking a blow for good Samaritans, the court held that "one who intervenes in a struggle under a reasonable but mistaken belief that he is protecting another who he assumes is being unlawfully assaulted is thereby exonerated from criminal liability."

"Not only is it just that one should not be convicted of a crime if he selflessly attempts to protect the victim of an apparently unjustified assault," said the court, "but how else can we encourage bystanders to go to the aid of another who is being subjected to an assault?"

THE SUPREME COURT

In the Federal v. State Thicket

Felix Frankfurter was not merely phrasemaking in 1946 when he warned the Supreme Court to shun the "political thicket" of state legislative apportionment. The court plunged in anyway—with last year's historic one-man, one-vote rule—and ever since, the political thicket has echoed with muffled blows, groans, and cries for divine guidance. Now lower courts are fighting not only state legislatures but one another. In New York last week, two of them battled bench to bench in a grinding collision between federal and state power.

New York's federal courts have long recoiled from meddling with the state's rural-weighted malapportionment that allows 35% of the population to elect a majority of state assemblymen, 42% a majority of state senators. Pressured by the Supreme Court, however, a three-judge federal court in Manhattan last July ordered the G.O.P. legislature to produce a new plan by April for a special election this November. The Republicans procrastinated—until last fall's Democratic landslide swept them out of power for the first time in 30 years. In December the lame-duck Republicans enacted four plans—all geared, cried Democrats, to restore G.O.P. power in the very next election.

Flat Rejection. The federal court soon approved "Plan A," which provides 165 assemblymen from almost equally populous voting districts. The state's top court, the New York Court of Appeals, voided all four plans, noting specifically that Plan A violates the state constitution, which limits the number of assemblymen to 150. That left the new Democratic legislature totally free to produce its own districting plan. Amid an unseemly squabble over leadership of their majority, the Democrats floundered for so long that they failed to meet the deadline.

In May the federal court ruled contrary to the state court by invoking the Constitution's "supremacy clause" (Article VI), which puts national law above state law. Although Plan A does indeed violate the state constitution, said the federal court, the state legislature as now apportioned violates the U.S. Constitution by discriminating against city

and suburban voters. The court ordered a special 1965 election under Plan A.

The Democrats went straight to Supreme Court Justice John M. Harlan in his capacity as judicial overseer of the U.S. Second Circuit, which includes New York. They asked Harlan to stay the November election and accelerate an already pending appeal. Under Supreme Court rules, Harlan could either have granted the stay or consulted the full court. He chose the latter. What resulted was a terse, two-sentence order flatly rejecting the stay.

Predictable Decision. Two weeks ago, the New York pot once again boiled over—all because of a desperate appeal to the state court by State Senator Frank J. Glinski, a Buffalo Democrat who may lose his seat in the special election. The New York Court of Appeals again voided Plan A—and ordered the state to cancel the election. Chief Judge Charles S. Desmond did say that his state court would accede to a "final and binding" federal court order (something most people thought it already had).

To provide just such an order, the weary three-judge federal court again assembled in Manhattan last week to hear platoons of lawyers. In a completely predictable ruling, delivered by Judge Sterry R. Waterman of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, the three-judge court "hereby forever restrained and enjoined" Plaintiff Glinski and every other living American from trying to stop the New York election. At week's end, despairing Democrats once again asked Justice Harlan for a stay. With his eight brethren already on record against such a stay, he refused to grant it. The Supreme Court's earlier refusal to review, said Harlan, "surely signified unwillingness to interfere with the District Court."

WILLS

Philadelphia Dilemma

Squarely in the middle of North Philadelphia's Negro ghetto stands a high-walled oasis: Girard College (endowment: \$70 million), a 42-acre stretch of green lawns and classic buildings devoted to the free education of 700 "poor, white male orphans." To segregate Girard has become the consuming passion of Cecil Moore, the militant president of Philadelphia's N.A.A.C.P. "It's a perpetual red flag," protests Moore. "A boy wakes up every morning to see a reminder that he's inferior."

Last week N.A.A.C.P. pickets ringed Philadelphia's State Office Building as Girard's trustees conferred inside with Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton. Giving point to the urgency of the talks, a scuffle broke out between police and pickets: five Negroes were arrested, bringing the total to 24 since the N.A.A.C.P. started picketing Girard's "Berlin Wall" last May.

Girard (actually a school rather than

a college) bars Negroes because of the seemingly unbreakable will of Founder Stephen Girard. When he died in 1831, reputedly the nation's richest man, Shipping Tycoon Girard added a segregation clause to his \$6,000,000 bequest on the then plausible theory that quality education would suffer if the sons of slaves were mixed with the sons of whites. Agreeing at the time, the city accepted the money, and the state later ran the school with public trustees.

In 1957, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld two would-be Negro applicants and struck down Girard's color bar as a violation of the 14th Amendment guarantee against state-enforced racial discrimination. Loath to meddle with Girard's will, however, the Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER



COPS V. PICKETS AT GIRARD
Every morning a reminder.

Orphans Court merely substituted private for public trustees. Since the school was no longer a public agency, the Supreme Court refused to hear an appeal challenging the Orphans Court's action.

Girard's trustees contend that they are helpless to change the offending clause. In 1962, however, New Orleans' Tulane University broke a similar color bar by voluntarily admitting Negroes and thereby starting a court test of its power to do so. Because private discrimination is lawful, ruled a federal court, Tulane was free both to exclude Negroes—and to admit them. After last week's meeting with Governor Scranton, Girard's trustees tentatively agreed to undertake a new legal attack on Girard's will. Their tactics have not yet been chosen, and meanwhile, the N.A.A.C.P.'s Cecil Moore has no intention of calling off his pickets. Says he: "We will never call off demonstrations until we go over the wall."

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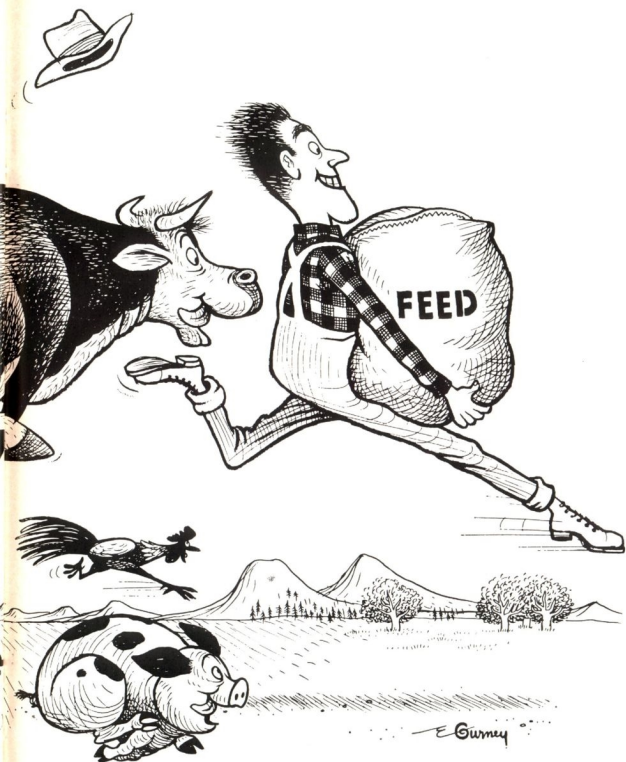
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GAUDIER-BRZESKA

SCULPTURE

An Illustrious Unknown

"I have made an experiment," wrote a French infantry sergeant from the trenches of World War I. "Two days ago I pinched from an enemy a Mauser rifle. Its unwieldy shape swamped me with a powerful image of brutality. I broke the butt off, and with my knife I carved a gentler order of feeling, a mother and child." A few days later, on the afternoon of June 5, 1915, another German weapon put a bullet through the Frenchman's head. Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, not yet 24, was dead.

Until the 50th anniversary of his death last month, Sculptor Gaudier-Brzeska (pronounced Zshairsh-ka) was what the French call "an illustrious unknown." His few working years had been spent mostly in London; his works were rarely shown outside that city. Yet his reputation flourished underground, especially among young sculptors. Ossip Zadkine hailed Gaudier as "one of the men who really invented something in sculpture." British Sculptor Henry Moore names Gaudier, along with Epstein and Brancusi, as among his formative influences: "He made me feel certain that in seeking to create along paths other than those of traditional sculpture, it was possible to achieve beauty, since he had succeeded." Thus it was that an anonymous British collector, eager that the French should know Gaudier's work, recently gave more than 50 sculptures and sketches to Paris' Musée d'Art Moderne, which in turn has opened a permanent Gaudier room.

Three-Way Love Affair. Born in the Loire Valley near Orléans, Gaudier was a descendant of masons and stone carvers who had worked on the Chartres Cathedral. He began drawing in early childhood, did so brilliantly that at 14 he won a scholarship to London. Two years later, he won a second scholarship, this time to Bristol College, with funds to study art in Germany. All the while he sketched feverishly, often with a pen, explaining, "That prevents me

from getting sentimental in the lines." Traveling through the Lowlands to Munich, he sold sketches "in the manner of Rembrandt." When the money ran out, he returned to Paris. There he made his most important decision: to be a sculptor. There, too, he met the woman with whom he was to share the rest of his brief life—a Polish-born poetess 20 years his senior named Sophie Brzeska.

Adding her name to his own, he set up an odd *ménage à deux*, often passing Sophie off as his sister. She was an extremely neurotic woman who had had bouts with mental illness; he was an intense young man embarking on a career. But they shared an interest in Henri's future, and "it was a three-way love affair—he, she, sculpture." Said Gaudier at the time: "The chisel and the thumb are the most beautiful instruments." Returning to London, they fell in with the literary group that included Journalists Frank Harris and Wyndham Lewis, Authors Katherine Mansfield and John Middleton Murry (who later wrote that Gaudier and D. H. Lawrence were the only two geniuses he ever met). The figure that probably impressed young Gaudier most was Poet Ezra Pound. When Gaudier, too poor to buy materials, was reduced to picking up scraps left over from some grandiose tombstone, Pound bought him his first good-sized stone, and Gaudier carved a portrait bust of the poet. Said Pound of the sternly chiseled results, which today stand on his estate in the Italian Tyrol, "*Mon pauvre caractère*, the good Gaudier stiffened it up quite a lot. We joked of the time when I should sell it to the Metropolitan for \$5,000." Shortly thereafter, the young Frenchman went off to war, never to return.

Passionate Predilections. There remained only a few dozen sculptures, a pile of sketches and drawings, lucid letters and articulate writings on art for the literary periodicals *Blast* and *The Egoist*. But as the Paris exhibition shows, Gaudier traveled a remarkable

road in the brief span of less than two years. At first strongly influenced by Rodin, he developed a passion for the primitives and a feeling for the flowing figuration of Maillol, which is exquisitely realized in his marble *Maternité*, went on to experiment with cubist and abstract approaches, and ended with totally original avant-garde works. His stones, though small are yet monumental, none more so than the smooth white marble *Femme Assise*. One of his finest pieces, it bears all the impressions of his predilections; at once powerful and gentle, it is a work startlingly modern—and strikingly his own. Says Musée Curator Marguerite Ménier, "Any sculptor who can do that at the age of 23 is a genius."

STYLES

All That Glitters

At the turn of the century, European taste makers found themselves caught up in the snaky tendrils of a self-conscious style called art nouveau. Not only candlesticks and furniture, but whole buildings were designed to flow with floral grace. From the Paris Métro stations of Hector Guimard to the décor of Maxim's, symmetry was out, organic flow was in, and nothing from the insect or aquatic world was too exotic. La Belle Époque lasted little more than a couple of decades (1880-1905), but in that brief span produced a series of small masterpieces, none more dazzling than its high-style jewelry (see color).

In a sense, Belle Époque jewelers were reacting against the Second Empire's exclusive concentration on massive, brilliantly cut diamonds, which followed the opening up of the African diamond fields. Seeking color and form rather than carats, jewelers reintroduced the beauty of semiprecious stones, particularly the shimmering opal, and out-



SARAH BERNHARDT

Snakes, dragonflies—and courage.

BAUBLES OF THE BELLE ÉPOQUE



SARAH BERNHARDT bought this ruby-eyed snake bracelet and ring, inlaid with opals, for her 1890 première as Cleopatra.



STOMACHER, which was centered on a woman's bodice, is made of gilded and enameled silver and shaped like a nest of serpents, whose mouths originally dangled strands of pearls.

CLIP consists of a woman's bust in chrysoprase, golden griffin's claws and delicate, cloisonné dragonfly wings mounted on a gold and moonstone body.



DIADEM, fastened to the hair with three-toothed comb, is Lalique's sinuous stylization of a rooster's head in gold and enamels grasping an egg of cut amethyst in its beak.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAGINE WEISS



did one another with bizarre settings. In place of the perfect jewel, the flawed gem was exploited, the odd-shaped pearl stressed for its singularity and enamels and glass were often preferred to gold. It took courage to wear these creations; it took, in fact, a new kind of woman. The intrepid Sarah Bernhardt, with her loose-flowing hair and cameo beauty, filled the bill.

Diamonds for Tears. The toast of *tout Paris*, Sarah accepted a diamond brooch from Alfonso XII of Spain, a necklace from Emperor Franz Josef, a fan from King Umberto of Italy, wore them all with *élan*. One admirer even ordered her a bicycle from Tiffany's studded with diamonds and rubies. Victor Hugo, after Sarah's performance in his play *Hernani*, wrote: "I wept. That tear . . . is yours." He enclosed a tear-shaped diamond.

Hugo could not know that, for all their sentiment, Sarah found diamonds a mite conventional. Her taste tended to more sensuous things—she could not resist the sinuous ruby-eyed snake bracelet and ring designed by Art Nouveau Painter Alphonse Mucha and crafted by Jewelsmith Georges Fouquet for her première in *Cleopatra*, went in hoek (she was frequently broke, though her earnings topped \$9,000,000) for about \$2,000 to have it. To make sure she paid, Fouquet turned up at the theater box office regularly each week to collect his share of the receipts.

Loons for Ladies. Greatest of all the Belle Époque jewelers, and Bernhardt's longtime favorite, was René Lalique, who, like today's *haut couturiers*, designed jewels to suit the individual's personality. While working for Chez de Stape, then Paris' leading fashion jeweler, Lalique began experimenting with enamels, transforming glass with oxides in his own kitchen. In mounting stones, he turned from semiprecious tortoise shell to ordinary horn because he found the color of tortoise too irregular. The innovation was an immediate success; overnight, horn became a luxury in Paris.

Soon Lalique was mixing precious, semiprecious and common materials: opal with horn, pearl with enamel, ivory with glass, and Parisians were scrambling to buy them. Among his discoverers was oil-rich Calouste Gulbenkian, who first saw Lalique's work in the 1895 Salon du Champ de Mars. Not generally interested in jewelry, Gulbenkian was fascinated by Lalique's bold fantasy and wide range of materials, became an enthusiastic collector. He was also one of the canniest; he had no hesitation about letting his jewels be worn by rare ladies, like Sarah Bernhardt, who could do them justice, but he insisted they be returned to the glass display case he kept in his Paris apartment. As a result, his collection of 146 Lalique masterpieces (*opposite*) remained intact, and this week will go on display at Lisbon's Pombal Palace—a tribute to an unusual collection of one of art's most adventurous styles.

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RELIGION

PROTESTANTS

Conversion in Latin America

In 1916, there were 123,000 Protestants in Latin America, and in 1937, 1,300,000. Now there are more than 10 million—and Chile may have more Protestants (11%) than it has practicing Catholics.

Last week in Rio de Janeiro, at the general conference of the Methodist Church of Brazil, and in Lima, at the Fourth Latin American Lutheran Conference, two major Protestant groups met to ponder their rapid growth rate (nearly 10% a year) and its portents for the future. As even Roman Catholic churchmen admit, the potential of Protestant expansion is unlimited. There is a strong tendency among the masses of the poor, the educated middle class, and the young to look upon Roman Catholicism as an elderly and often irrelevant institution. Still spiritually hungry, however, many find satisfaction in a simple, Bible-centered Christianity, free from the ornate rites of Hispanic Catholicism.

10% for TV. Latin America's Protestants range from century-old "mainstream" Reformation churches founded by European emigrants (such as the Lutherans) to zealous new Pentecostal sects, which now account for at least one-third of the continent's Protestant population. Typical of these younger churchlets is Argentina's fundamentalist Union of the Assemblies of God, which has grown from 400 to 6,500 since 1948, now has 142 preaching centers scattered throughout the country. Its members are baptized by immersion, thrive on strongly Biblical sermons, give 10% of their substance to help pay for preaching on radio and television while their ministers support themselves with secular jobs.

In Chile and Brazil, the Protestants include a surprisingly high proportion of educators, businessmen and government officials. Most often, however, Protestants find their converts among urban workers who may have been baptized as Catholics but never have practiced their faith. Last year, for example, Methodist Pastor Gessé Teixeira de Carvalho started a mission in Petropolis, a mountaintop city 27 miles from Rio. He now has 45 converts and 90 people taking instruction. "Baroque statues and gilded altars were all right for their grandfathers," says De Carvalho, "but the Brazilian of today must find a better way to reaffirm his faith."

Today Protestant leaders are concerned about their fissiparous tendencies. Latin America already has more than 200 religious organizations, and the Brazilian Methodists are facing the threat of a schism. In Argentina and Ecuador, however, a number of Protestant churches have begun to explore the possibility of merger. Some Protestants

fear also that their churches may be concentrating too exclusively on the minutiae of personal conduct: Brazilian Baptists, for example, had 10,000 converts last year but threw out 4,000 members for such sins as smoking and drinking. Protestantism thus may be missing the social implications in the message of Christ, who came, says Thomas J. Liggett, head of the Evangelical Seminary of Puerto Rico, "to radically change the circumstances of men." In the revolutionary climate of Latin America, warns Rafael Cepeda, a



METHODIST PREACHER IN CHILE
Satisfying spiritual hunger.

Presbyterian minister from Cuba, "the churches are dancing the minuet while the world is dancing to jazz."

Better than Pagan. In part, the confidence of Latin American Protestantism stems from the new ecumenical climate that has developed in Catholicism since Pope John. In many countries Protestant churchmen have begun interfaith dialogues with their Catholic counterparts, and Lima's Juan Cardinal Landáuzi Ricketts met with leaders of the Lutheran Conference. Many Catholic leaders are now willing to admit that since the church cannot reach all the millions it baptizes, it is much better for them to become practicing Protestants than pagans or Communists.

Gradually shedding the aura of a European or U.S. export, Latin America's Protestant churches are rapidly gaining autonomy, replacing missionaries with native leaders. At the 1961 assembly in New Delhi, two Pentecostal

groups from Chile were admitted to full membership in the World Council of Churches. Brazil's Methodists soon hope to send their first missionaries abroad, to Angola and Mozambique in Africa.

THE BIBLE

One for All

One of the oldest of ecumenical dreams has been a Bible that both Roman Catholics and Protestants could use in common. Last week the dream came true, in part, as Thomas Nelson & Sons published in the U.S. a Catholic edition of the Protestant Revised Standard Version of the New Testament, prepared by a team of British Biblical scholars. The Catholic RSV contains a letter of approval by Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing and a warm preface by the late Albert Cardinal Meyer of Chicago, will be supplemented next year by a Catholic Old Testament.

A modernization of the King James Version that preserves as much of its stately prose rhythms as scholarly accuracy and modern English usage will permit, the RSV is probably the most widely used Protestant Bible in the U.S. today. The Catholic RSV differs in fewer than 50 passages from the Protestant edition, includes a twelve-page appendix of notes explaining difficult lines. Most of the changes were made to preserve familiar phrases that have been hallowed by Catholic tradition or to emphasize a point of doctrine. In *Luke 1:28*, where the Protestant RSV has the Angel Gabriel addressing Mary as "Hail, O favored one," the Catholic version says "Hail, full of grace"—the traditional beginning of the "Hail Mary" prayer. In 17 passages, the Catholic RSV refers to the "brethren" of Jesus rather than to his "brothers."

The much disputed final eleven verses of *Mark*, describing the Resurrection, are relegated to a footnote in the Protestant RSV. The Catholic edition restores them to the text, although a note explains that the passage is not found in all ancient manuscripts. Most Biblical scholars believe that the lines are a later addition to the original Gospel.

Protestant scholars agree that there is some scholarly justification for the Catholic changes, and admit that occasionally the Catholic notes are better than their own. Where the Protestant RSV says that the familiar Biblical coin the denarius was worth about 20¢, the Catholic edition more meaningfully explains that it was a day's wage for a laborer in New Testament times.

Since the Confraternity Bible (TIME, May 28) is the official version for the Catholic Church in the U.S., the new RSV will only be used for private study and for interfaith discussion. Nonetheless, Cardinal Meyer wrote, it "should help usher in a happier age when Christian men will no longer use the Word of God as a weapon, but rather, will find God speaking to them within the covers of a single book."

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MANAGER MELE



KILLEBREW AT BAT

Who needs a boost from Beelzebub?

BASEBALL

Metamorphosis in Minnesota

The hapless heroes of the Broadway musical *Damn Yankees* were so hopelessly stuck in seventh place that only the Devil could help them win the league pennant. It was art imitating life, except that in the late 1950s the Devil himself could not rescue the real-life Washington Senators. They were the most miserable team in the American League.

As it turned out, what the Senators needed was not a boost from Beelzebub but a whiff of good clean Midwestern air. Before the start of the 1961 season, they moved to the St. Paul-Minneapolis area and changed their name to the Twins. In four seasons, they have twice finished in the first division, a feat they had accomplished only 20 times in 60 years in Washington. And never have they been hotter than now. They have won nine of their last twelve games, including three out of four with those damn and now doomed Yankees, and at week's end were leading the American League by four games.

Gate Prizes. The move made all the difference. Sports fans in Washington could not care less about baseball in a town where the political games can be so much more exciting. The Twin Cities, on the other hand, were starved for baseball. The Twins set the 1963 American League attendance record and today average 16,000 per game, the highest in the league. Encouraged by this box office bustle, Twins President Calvin Griffith has spent \$6,000,000 for 65 new players, 18 of whom have found a place on the Twins alongside seven stars from Washington days.

The best of the new batch is Outfielder Tony Oliva, 24, last year's American League batting champion (.323) and Rookie of the Year. Though his average is down to .295 this season,

Oliva is making more key hits, leads the league in doubles (26). He is second only to another Twin in the number of runs scored; Oliva has 60, Shortstop Zoilo Versalles 61.

More On the Ball. In Manager Sam Mele's opinion, the Twins' greatest improvement came where it was needed most: on the mound. Under the coaching of Curve Baller John Sain, formerly with the Boston Braves, the Twins' pitchers have performed remarkably well: Jim Perry, with a new breaking curve in his repertoire, has six wins, no losses; Jim "Mudcat" Grant has won nine games and lost three; Camilo Pascual's record is 8-2. There is some notable talent in Mele's bullpen, too. "Last year we'd go into the late innings with a lead and we couldn't hold onto it," he says. "Now I can call on a reliever and feel confident." The one he calls on most is Righthander Al Worthington, 36, who has rescued six games for the Twins.

For all Mele's new faces, he still builds his attack around an oldtimer, Harmon Killebrew, 29, a ham-armed slugger who has hit 288 home runs and is closing in on Babe Ruth's home-run record: Ruth ticked off a homer for every 11.8 times at bat; Killebrew is rapping one for every 12.9. Moreover, Killebrew gets his homers when they are most needed. In the last inning of the recent series against the Yankees, the Twins were trailing 5-4; with two men out, one man on, and the count at 3-2, Killebrew pounded Pete Mikkelsen's fast ball 360 ft. into the leftfield stand and won the game.

Pennant Pressure. If ever there was a year for the Twins to win the pennant, this could be it. The Chicago White Sox, after a brilliant beginning, have begun to stumble. Cleveland, superb for a while, has turned sour. Baltimore needs pitching. Even the Devil won't touch the Yankees, who have fallen 13 games behind the league leader. Still,

the pressure of a pennant race could jar the Twins. "What pressure?" snorts ex-Red Sox outfielder Mele, who has never played on or managed a pennant winner. "I like it out in front. I'd rather have the rest of the clubs trying to catch us instead of us trying to catch them."

Left Out

Warren Spahn, 44, is the best left-handed pitcher in baseball history, but history is passing him by. For a long time, Spahn defied old age with remarkable success. He was 40 when he pitched the second no-hit, no-run game of his career, remarking later: "A fellow my age has no right to do that." At 42, he compiled a season record of 23 victories against only seven losses, thus winning 20 or more games a season for the 13th time. Last year Milwaukee Manager Bobby Bragan decided that Spahn had lost his touch, relegated him to the bullpen. Spahn ended the season with six wins and 13 losses.

After the season, the Braves were only too happy to give him to the last-place New York Mets. The Mets' only obligation was to meet Spahn's high salary demands, about \$70,000, and to get their money's worth, they appointed him pitching coach as well as a pitcher. Snapped Spahn: "First, I'm a pitcher. Then I'm a coach." An obsessive chaser of the record books, Spahn looked on the Mets as perhaps his last chance to advance his name in baseball annals. He boldly predicted that he would win 20 games in 1965.

By May he had built a respectable 4-4 record and moved into a tie (360 victories) with Kid Nichols as the sixth most successful pitcher in baseball history. Now he wanted to overtake Jim Galvin at 365 and then to pass Christy Mathewson and Grover Cleveland Alexander (both 373), leaving only Wal-



PITCHER SPAHN
Where was No. 361?

ter Johnson (416) and Cy Young (511) ahead of him as the record holders.

Spahn's ambition backfired with No. 360. His fastball lost its flash, his sliders hung like floaters. Just about everyone, including opposing pitchers, tore him apart. "They jump on him so fast I can't do anything," sighed Manager Casey Stengel. Spahn lost eight games straight, and other Met pitchers complained as well that he pulled rank as coach to take extra turns on the mound in his vain attempt for a victory.

Finally, Stengel summoned Spahn for a talk in his office. Just about everyone in the club house heard the angry rumble as Spahn refused to step aside as a regular pitcher and join the bullpen staff. "I feel I can still pitch," he insisted. Perhaps so. But not with the Mets. Last week the Mets put Spahn up for sale. Price: \$1. So far, he has not been bowled over with offers. By week's end, in fact, there had been none, and Spahn hurried off to try his hand at broadcasting baseball for TV.

TRACK & FIELD

Running Philosopher

As Australia's most promising teenage runner, Ron Clarke received the honor at 19 of carrying the Olympic torch into the Melbourne stadium for the start of the 1956 Olympics. The slim (6 ft. 168 lbs.) distance man did not himself catch fire until about a year ago.

Early this month at London's White City Stadium, Clarke became the first man to break the 13-min. barrier for the three-mile run. He covered one mile in 4 min. 15.4 sec., two miles in 8 min. 36.4 sec., flitted across the finish in 12 min. 52.4 sec., lowering his own month-old world record by a full 8 sec.

He was only warming up. Last week, Clarke broke the 28-min. barrier for the 10,000 meter run (about 61 miles). Lapping the other runners at Oslo's Bislet Stadium, he clocked in at 27 min. 39.4 sec., slicing 34.6 sec. off the record he set four weeks ago. On the way to the 10,000 meter mark, he established a new world record of 26 min. 47 sec. at the six-mile mark as well.

All told, Clarke now holds the world record in five events ranging from three miles to ten miles. Yet he is remarkably detached about his exploits. He has no coach, trains by running about 22 miles a day through parks, city streets, and just about anywhere except on a regular track.

His "philosophy of running," as he calls it, is simple: "I want to win at all costs. I have the killer instinct. But I do differ from most trackmen. Two seconds after the race, win or lose, I don't care any more. Losing encourages me to do better the next time. On the other hand, I know that if I win tonight, I'll probably lose the next race. My attitude was summed up very well by Kipling. 'If you can meet with triumph and disaster, and treat those two impostors just the same...'"

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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Quoth the Ratings: Ever More

The trademark of the television executive is a crick in the neck. It comes from looking back over his shoulder. For TV planners decide what they are going to do next season only by prayerfully studying the ratings of the past season: discovering what they did right but failed to sell, what they did wrong which nevertheless sold well, what rival networks did with success that they could do too. Then they decide to do more of same. A study of the 34 new shows and 58 holdovers scheduled for the new fall season shows that spies are up, and so is witchcraft. Westerns are making a modest comeback, and literally every second offering will be a situation comedy. A healthy hunk of it all will be in color: NBC will colorcast 96% of its shows, CBS 50%, and ABC 30%.

There is nothing much really new under the sunburst of color, however. The only show that can be called new—for TV at least—is *Lost in Space* (CBS), the story of a family named Robinson marooned on an unknown planet. (It must have been sheer torture for the boys to keep from calling it *The Space Family Robinson*.) Guy Williams, in silver suit minus his Zorro cloak, heads the mislaid clan. The amazing thing is that TV has never launched such a series into space before.

The Spies. It did not take nearly so long to tumble to the idea of rebottling Bond. The most imaginative of the imitators seems likely to be *Get Smart* (NBC), a spoof of the already spoofish *Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, featuring Comic Don Adams as Agent Maxwell Smart (get it?—"Get Smart!"). Blooper-Spy Smart hasn't much cool. When his captoe says he does not believe there are six Coast Guard cutters on the way to the rescue, Smart asks: "Would you believe five?"

In addition to Agent Smart and the returning *U.N.C.L.E.*, Amos Burke of *Burke's Law* will quit the police force and become *Amos Burke, Secret Agent*. *I Spy* (NBC) will follow a top-seeded tennis amateur and his trainer who are in reality professional spy guys. *Honey West* (ABC) is a girl, but with Anne Francis in the role she is a fully Bonded sort of private eyeful. James West (no kin to Honey) disguises himself as a moneyed gentleman with his own railroad car, while working secretly for President Ulysses S. Grant. West heads off post-Civil War international plots against the U.S. that history never heard about, evidently because West was so successful. The CBS show is called—yup—*The Wild, Wild West*.

For those who like their Bond stirred and not unsettlingly shaken, ABC is aiming somewhere between 007 and 77 *Sunset Strip*. *The F.B.I.* will serve up

ex-77 *Sunset Stripper* Efrem Zimbalist Jr. as an agent so gosh-darn clean cut that J. Edgar Hoover has granted his first TV seal of approval.

Old Tricks & Dogs. There was evidently enough abracadabra in last year's *Bewitched* formula to inspire three new ghosts to walk. In NBC's *My Mother the Car*, Ann Southern has died but returns as the disembodied voice of a car Jerry Van Dyke buys. *The Smothers Brothers* (CBS), who used to be a funny-folk duo, will impersonate a junior executive and his deceased brother who returns as an angel. *I Dream of Jeannie* (NBC) tells the imaginative story of an aspirant astronaut and Jeannie, a genie (it's a big year for clever names). As played by Barbara Eden, Jeannie is apparently not dead, but she keeps returning just the same.

So do situation comedies. *Car, Smothers* and *Jeannie* are only three of the 18 new shows that will be tickling the ribs of laugh machines next year. The most promising of the situations seems to be occupied by *Hogan's Heroes* (CBS), a sort of World War II P.O.W. version of Bilko's bunch who use their prison camp as an Allied headquarters for spying and plotting escape routes for downed pilots. As usual, though, it looks like old tricks for most of the other new dogs.

Run for the Fugitive. TV plans some new homes, or at least campsites, on the range. Four Texas rangers from *Laredo* (NBC) will be ranging Texas anew. *The Legend of Jesse James* has finally cracked TV and will get the cleaned-up Robin Hood treatment from ABC. ABC also has a variant of *Bonanza* called *The Big Valley*; Barbara Stanwyck plays Lorne Greene, dispensing wise advice and stuff to her three sons and a daughter, plus her dead husband's bastard boy for extra spice. Robert Horton, late of *Wagon Train*, has now forgotten his name and goes searching around the West for it as *A Man Called Shenandoah* (ABC). He may bump into Lloyd Bridges, who has come out of the sea and is also wandering the West trying to get happy in Rod Serling's *The Loner* (CBS).

Shenandoah and *The Loner* are not the only ones who hastily contracted the wanderlust bug after noting how well *The Fugitive* was doing on the lam. The most blatant copy will be *Run for Your Life* (NBC), in which Ben Gazzara is told he has 18 months to live (roughly three TV seasons). So with the grim reaper on his trail, he sets off to live dangerously all over the world.

Refreshing Behind. To make way for all the warmed-over *Bewitched*, Bonded and otherwise bewildered spin-offs of spin-offs, 31 last-season shows had to go. And with one eye fixed on the ratings, network executives guillotined a number of old stand-bys. *Mr. Ed* has finally closed his trap. Jack Benny will



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Bewitched, Bonded or bewildered.

have no regular show for the first time since he started on radio 33 years ago. Neither will Alfred Hitchcock, Jack Paar, Bing Crosby or Joey Bishop. Also missing will be the sophisticated *Rogues*, the historically interesting *Profiles in Courage*, and the always dramatically cogent *Defenders*. Among the whole haul of new shows, only one appears in concept to have any chance of duplicating the originality of that departed trio. *The Trials of O'Brien* (CBS) is about a lawyer, but, as portrayed by engaging Peter Falk, O'Brien may be TV's first loser-hero. He ducks out of the office to the race track or a crap game, where he's chronically behind, is also nine months in arrears on his rent, and is more or less consistently chased by his ex-wife for back alimony.

It is, of course, much easier to follow old formulas, and in that pattern TV has increasingly turned to successful movies (often themselves derivative) as the basis of new series. That way the audience is already partially presold. Thus next season's fare will include series derived from *Mister Roberts*, Jean Kerr's *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, *The Wackiest Ship in the Army* (all NBC), *The Long, Hot Summer*, *Tammy* and *Gidget* (ABC). Less taxing yet is to just show the movies themselves. NBC already shows two in prime time, ABC one, and all three shows are firm rating successes. So next year CBS will join up.

There is only one problem. Local stations have gobbled up so many films to stuff their non-prime-time schedules all day and late-night long that there are only an estimated 900 U.S. movies left. As many as a third of them may be too gamy for the home screens, or are still being held for further exploitation in movie houses. And so TV, which did so much to finish off the golden age of Hollywood, has come full circle. NBC and CBS have both commissioned Hollywood studios to create original movies for TV consumption.

BROADCASTING

Trying to Lower the Boom

Broadcasters' volume measurement machines do not seem able to detect it, but listeners' eardrums are evidently more sensitive. For years, radio and TV owners have been blitzing the Federal Communications Commission with complaints about the loudness of commercials in comparison to the sound level of programs. Last week, after a tedious two-year study, the FCC agreed with the complaints. They "obviously cannot be dismissed on the ground that 'commercials aren't really loud, they just sound loud,'" declared the commission. The presentation of commercials "in a loud, rapid and strident manner" is "contrary to the public interest." In its soft-spoken way, the FCC made no specific regulations, simply directed that "appropriate measures" be taken to end the practice.

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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Commitment for Expansion

The Johnson Administration, steadily increasing its influence on U.S. business, again made clear last week that it intends to use all the tools at its command to keep the economy high and rising. One clue came in a rather academic statement made by Chief Presidential Economist Gardner Ackley to a U.S.-Japanese trade group: "I can assure you that we have the means and, I believe, the will to adjust either or both sides of the budget, if that should be necessary, in a way which will contribute to the steady and adequate expansion of private purchasing power." In plainer language, this means that the Administration will give the consumer more money to spend by increasing

Reason: tax cuts, which have amounted to \$19 billion in the past 19 months, will so greatly stimulate the economy that tax revenues are expected to rise by some \$7 billion—that is, \$1 bill on more than the increase in spending.

The economy certainly looked stimulated last week. Ackley announced that the gross national product in the second quarter hit an annual rate of \$658 billion—up \$9.2 billion, or 50% more than his own economists had anticipated. The industrial production index in June jumped 8% above the year-ago level, to 141.9% of the 1957-59 average. Continuing the rise in the first ten days of July, the auto industry increased sales by 11% over the same period last year.

Rising Profits. Corporate profits in many cases were rising even faster than sales. Companies from American Can to Xerox reported that second-quarter earnings ran much higher than in the same quarter last year. Celanese Corp.'s profits were up 21%. Gillette's 22%. Caterpillar Tractor's 31%, and Westinghouse Electric's 57%—to record peaks. Such profits indicate that corporations will be paying more taxes to the Government, giving Washington's policymakers the wherewithal to increase their spending. The corporations will also be able to increase their dividends, raise wages, and step up capital spending—all of which is bound to enhance the economy.

loans to individuals, and have greater latitude in making investments. But the national banks have several advantages, of which one stands out: larger freedom to expand. U.S. Comptroller of the Currency James Saxon, who supervises the nationally chartered banks, has been generous in approving applications for branches, providing that state laws do not specifically forbid them. Because bankers have become eagerly competitive and growth-minded, there is a distinct trend away from state banking. In the past four years more than 60 state banks have sought national charters.

By far the biggest state bank ever to seek national status, the Chase obviously wishes to grow faster. In the past five years it has been limited to eleven branches in the fast-growing suburbs,



ECONOMIST ACKLEY
A desire to stimulate.

Government outlays and, very likely, by further tax cuts as well.

Sharp Increases. President Johnson reiterated the point by telling 75 Government officials that recently enacted programs of the Great Society will bring "sharp increases in spending." And largely because the Government intends to have up to 200,000 U.S. troops in Viet Nam by the end of 1965, the U.S. will not be able to cut defense spending, as it has for the past two years, but will be compelled to increase it.

In all, federal spending in fiscal 1967 will rise by some \$6 billion. That would shatter once and for all the \$100 billion ceiling that conservatives consider sacrosanct and raise the Government's spending (including social security payments) to a total greater than the outlays of the 145 largest U.S. corporations. But in the more-for-less economy that the Administration has helped to fashion, the deficit may well shrink.

BANKING

The Chase Goes National

The first duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, who favored strong central authority, was not fought with pistols but with banknotes. Burr in 1799 founded the Bank of the Manhattan Co. to help finance the young Democratic-Republican Party and battle Hamilton's Bank of New York, which underwrote the Federalists. Hamilton's bank is still prospering, and Burr's grew into today's Chase Manhattan, with assets of \$13 billion the U.S.'s third largest savings institution (after San Francisco's Bank of America and Manhattan's First National City Bank). Last week, breaking with a tradition that goes back to Burr, Chairman George Champion and President David Rockefeller announced that the Chase will seek to give up its state charter and apply for the national status that offers what they called "greater flexibility."

A Question of Freedom. One of the unique aspects of the U.S. economy is the dual banking system, which divides authority between federal and state governments. Two-thirds of the nation's 13,500 banks operate under state charters, the rest under national charters. The state banks generally have to put up less in the way of reserves than national banks, also can extend larger



ROCKEFELLER & CHAMPION
An urge to grow.

while its archrival, the First National City Bank, was permitted by the Federal Government to open 32 suburban branches. As a national bank, Chase will not only be able to narrow that gap but also, if it chooses, issue travelers' checks throughout the country, engage in the business of renting computers and leasing other machines, and go into factoring (a profitable if somewhat risky form of lending in which the borrower usually puts up accounts receivable as collateral).

Safety Valve. Immediately after Chase's move, New York State Superintendent of Banks Frank Wille called on both the state's lethargic legislature and the U.S. Congress to eliminate the inequalities between state and national banks. Next day, Governor Nelson Rockefeller, brother of the Chase president, seconded Wille's motion. In Washington, House Banking Committee Chairman Wright Patman worried that



CHEVY TURBINE-POWERED TRUCK

the Chase "is so big it could become a bellwether" and said that if more state banks follow the trend, the dual banking system may be seriously threatened. Though the dual system is somewhat anachronistic, it does give bankers a safety valve—the option to switch if either state or federal controls become too tough.

AUTOS

Drive for Safety

The junior U.S. Senator from New York leaned over the hearing-room table and spoke harshly to the head of the largest manufacturing company in the world. Said Bobby Kennedy to General Motors Board Chairman Frederic Donner: "How can you appear before this committee and not even know about that?"

What seemed to upset Kennedy was that none of the top G.M. executives who appeared last week before a Senate Government Operations subcommittee investigating auto safety had ever seen a Cornell University survey that critically compared G.M.'s door-hinge design with others. In auto collisions, Cornell reported, 5.1% of G.M. cars lost their doors, compared to 0.8% of Chrysler and 0.6% of Ford cars. No one was sure how Kennedy could have expected G.M.'s highest policymakers to know the details of a relatively obscure report,* but his questioning typified the hostile, guilty-until-proven-innocent atmosphere of the hearings. The auto executives were placed in a bad light by other committee questions. Donner, for instance, could not tell Kennedy precisely how much G.M. spends for safety. G.M. at week's end estimated that the 1964 expenditure had been \$124 million.

Force-Feeding. The major contention of the Senate subcommittee was that the automaten, with little loss in profits, could make cars safer, reduce the highway death toll that this year will be

* The company later said that the figures were misleading, that the study involved old as well as new cars, and that G.M. door hinges for the 1959-65 model years "more than satisfy 1967 [federal] requirements."



OLDS FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE CAR
A swing toward invention.

about 50,000. The hearings were called to consider several bills, some of which would force the companies to build safety devices into cars. Industry leaders argued that they have already done much, and are doing more to increase safety, but that consumers are unwilling to pay for safety features. "If we were to force on people things that they are not prepared to buy," said Donner, "we would face a customer revolt."

The automaten had some imaginative proposals of their own. American Motors President Roy Abernethy suggested that the industry "force-feed" safety to the public by including effective if still unpopular safety items as "delete options"—that is, standard equipment unless the customer specifically asks to have them removed. He also proposed uniform, nationwide traffic laws.

Latching the Door. Donner announced a \$1 million G.M. grant to M.I.T. for a four-year study of traffic safety. Chrysler Vice President Harry Chesebrough disclosed that his company's 1966 models will have a new door latch that will substantially reduce the chances of car doors opening in an accident; he also called for the creation of a federal automobile center to coordinate safety programs. All of the executives promised that their 1966 models would have many of the safety devices that the Government has begun to require on its own cars.

For all their acrimony, the hearings may well serve the worthwhile purpose of arousing concern on the part of companies, consumers and Government agencies. Since the Senate subcommittee began investigating in March, New York state has named a board to build a prototype safety-car, Maryland has tightened its standards for tires, and other states have begun to consider stricter safety rules. A recent nationwide poll shows that traffic safety is now one of the half-dozen problems Americans worry about most.

Toronados, Turbos & TV

While Washington talked safety last week, Detroit showed off some stylish new and future wares.

Oldsmobile introduced its racy, 375-h.p. Toronado, first U.S. car with front-wheel drive since the Cord phased out in 1937. Some foreign automakers, notably France's Citroën, also market



MERCURY "WRIST-TWIST" STEERING

front-wheel cars. According to Olds engineers, front-wheel drive offers more traction and stability than conventional rear drive; it also eliminates the hump on the floor (because the transmission and differential are up front). Other engineers contend that front-wheel cars tend to oversteer, and that the added weight forward causes greater wear on brakes. The Toronado, a two-door, six-passenger hardtop that is four inches shorter than Oldsmobile's 215-in. Starfire, will come to market in mid-October. Price in Detroit: about \$4,500—in the same range as Ford's Thunderbird and Buick's Riviera.

Further away from production (perhaps seven years) but potentially more important is Chevrolet's prototype of a turbine-powered truck, the Turbo Titan III. Its engine is lighter, quieter and longer-lasting (350,000 miles v. 250,000) than conventional diesels, but fuel bills are costlier. Among its many innovations: "dial steering" by which a driver guides his truck with two small wheels mounted on a panel in front of him, similar to the "wrist-twist" system now being tested by Mercury. Chrysler Corp. is field-testing turbine cars but is undecided whether to market them.

Lest G.M. steal last week's whole show, Ford announced that it will immediately begin offering rear-seat portable television sets as optional equipment on all cars. Manufactured by Ford's Philco subsidiary, the 9-in. sets will sell for \$169.95, can be plugged into the cigarette lighter or powered by a battery pack that costs an additional \$29.95.

WORLD BUSINESS

MONEY

Anglos v. Continentals

Throughout the free world, finance ministers, bankers and economists are meeting, cogitating and debating the money migraine. The financial experts of the Group of Ten* gathered two weeks ago in Paris to debate ways to modernize the world's overworked, undercapitalized monetary system. In Washington last week, President Johnson's newly named international monetary advisory committee—including former Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon and Under Secretary Robert Roosa, Bankers David Rockefeller and Andre Meyer—met for the first time to explore ideas. Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler will go to Europe in September and try to persuade Europe's financial leaders to start planning for a future monetary summit.

Deflation Dangers. The prime problem is a money shortage: international trade is growing much faster than the means to finance it (see chart). Because the world has no international money, it depends on a mix of gold and the two internationally recognized "reserve currencies," dollars and British pounds, to support commerce. Most of the recent growth of trade has been bankrolled by dollars flowing out of the U.S. in the form of investing and lending, tourism, foreign and military aid—thereby steadily worsening the U.S. balance of payments. Now Washington's "voluntary" curb on investment abroad has finally, if perhaps temporarily, halted the payments deficit, allowing the U.S. to enjoy a rare surplus.

This means, however, that the rest of the world is running short of dollar reserves. Many Europeans have complained that the U.S. flooded their economies with dollars and bought up too much of their industries; but now that the dollars are being brought back home, they wonder what they can use for a trading currency. British Chancellor of the Exchequer James Callaghan, among others, warns that the present shortage may constrict international trade, upon which much of the world's economic growth depends.

The Dollar's Primacy. While the money men agree that the present reserve-currency system is inadequate, they sharply disagree about what to do. The U.S. and Britain are more or less allied on one side, and the Continental nations are on the other. *Les Anglos*, as Charles de Gaulle calls the Americans and British, are worried about prospects of trade deflation, which could lead to an international recession. Many Continentals are more worried about inflation—that the U.S. may soon again

revert to its habit of inundating their economies with dollars over which they have little control.

In any discussion of ways to create new reserves, the U.S. is determined to maintain the dollar's primacy as the world's most freely acceptable money. One plan it favors would be for the major nations to increase their contributions to the 102-nation International Monetary Fund, which then could make bigger loans to finance trade. The attraction of this is that the U.S., being by

Group of Ten, which they dominate.

Though bargaining will be long and hard, the major protagonists have lately shown some signs of flexibility. Britain, while still basically holding to the U.S. position, seems willing to make monetary changes through the Group of Ten instead of the IMF. France has given up the idea of gutting the dollar and financing commerce with gold (that idea was intolerable to other nations). And the U.S. has recently grown more receptive to supplementing the dollar with some sort of "Esperanto" currency. Nobody expects quick or sweeping agreement, but compromise seems more likely than it did a few months ago.

ALGERIA

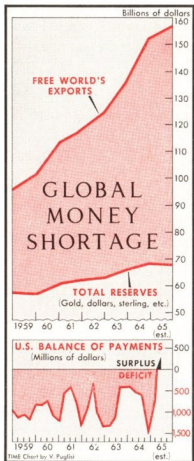
Oiling an Alliance

For 20 months, France has been determinedly negotiating to get its hands on a rich and vital resource: the oil reserves in its former colony, Algeria. Locked in that country's Sahara Desert is 1% of the world's proven reserves—more than 3.6 billion barrels—and 79 trillion cubic feet of natural gas, about 10% of the world's known supply. Colonel Houari Boumedienne, Algeria's new strongman, has been as anxious to get French development help as Ahmed ben Bella before him, and last week in Paris the two governments buried their bitter memories of the Algerian war and reached a tentative agreement that is all but certain to be signed within a month. The deal gives France a big stake in Algerian oil, promises large-scale French aid in building up Algeria, severely pinches the U.S., British and even French private firms already drilling there.

Monopolizing the Desert. The two governments plan to form a "cooperative association" that will monopolize future oil and gas exploitation. Foreign companies already in Algeria—including Royal Dutch Shell, British Petroleum and Jersey Standard—will be allowed to stay, but will have their taxes substantially increased. The tax changes alone are expected to swell Algeria's oil revenues from \$72 million in 1964 to as much as \$120 million in 1965.

France will also provide \$400 million to finance a five-year Algerian industrialization program, and will supervise the building of petrochemical and steel complexes. The agreement calls for the establishment of a French-Algerian common market that would allow the countries to trade some goods duty-free, others at low tariff rates.

Strengthening Prestige. In exchange for its largesse, France will be assured of enough Algerian oil to satisfy growing French consumption (which doubled to 309 million barrels between 1959 and 1964) and thereby will attain Charles de Gaulle's goal of independence from the Anglo-American oil com-

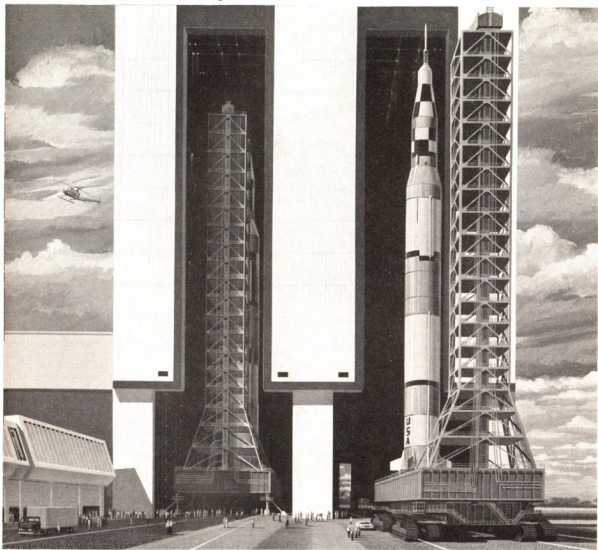


far the largest contributor, dominates the IMF.

Signs of Flexibility. The Continentals are not united in opposition, but many of their leaders want to upgrade their own currencies and downgrade the dollar and the pound. One idea for accomplishing this is to limit the amount of dollars and pounds that foreign nations could hold in their reserves. To increase the supply of reserves, the Continentals, especially France, would like to create a composite international money, which would be backed by contributions from the industrial nations. The Continentals would have this money administered not by the IMF but by

* The U.S., Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, Japan, Sweden, Canada, Belgium and The Netherlands.

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TIME, JULY 23, 1965

panies. By paying francs for oil from the only major source within the franc zone, France will also save \$280 million a year in foreign exchange. Perhaps most important, the agreement is a long step toward returning Algeria politically—as well as financially—to France's sphere of influence. It also serves to strengthen French prestige throughout Africa and to frustrate the economic ambitions of Russia and Red China in left-leaning Algeria.

WEST GERMANY

Broom in Büstenhalter

On billboards, in magazines and on TV throughout West Germany, a stunning group of feline *fräuleins* are selling lots of clothing by wearing practically none. The models are part of a \$6,000,000-a-year advertising campaign that has helped make Munich's Triumph International the largest manufacturer of foundation garments in Europe. Half of all the bras and girdles sold in West Germany are made by Triumph in its 65 domestic plants, and the company satisfies a growing export market from 15 factories abroad. It plans to invade the U.S. next January. Volume has nearly quadrupled since 1958, and last week, in its semiannual report, the company said that sales are running at a yearly rate of \$130 million, up 25% from 1964.

No Bones About It. Behind this Triumph is Executive Director Herbert Braun, 55, a shy and ascetic "Herr Doktor" (economics and social sciences), who seized the hardly new idea that bras and girdles should be attractive as well as functional. Braun hired Designer Heinrich Ernst Hoelscher in 1955 to re-engineer the company's products along lines that had already been adopted in the U.S. The men could do little to change the clumsy German name for the bra—*Büstenhalter*—

but they did alter the garment itself. Out came deeply plunging bras made of stretchable synthetics with less padding and no old-fashioned bones; lighter, flower-patterned girdles; filmy nylon slips and translucent shortie pajamas. They instantly captivated Germany's willowy, style-conscious girls—to say nothing of their husbands. The synthetic stretch materials, says Braun, "gave us an entirely fresh conception of how to engineer the human form."

The old conception had been molded by Braun's grandfather, who helped found the company in 1886. Aiming at the overt women of the Reich's middle class, he marketed corsets under such formidable names as "Colossus," "Hercules" and "Grenadier," the last with a whalebone skeleton guaranteed to be indestructible. When, in 1918, a flamboyant Parisian couturier named Paul Poiret launched an anti-corset crusade, Triumph faltered so badly that it had to take up the manufacture of toweling, a sideline that survives today.

Lots of Class. Lately, the firm has branched into sportswear as well as lingerie, but bras and girdles are still the foundation of its business. In keeping with the shape and mood of the times, Triumph calls its sportswear by such names as "Caprice" and "Swingtimes," and its lingerie "Jolly," "Amour-ette" and "Poesie." Braun applauds Rudi Gernreich as a pacemaker, but has yet to try the topless approach.

The Herr Doktor has made Triumph as successful with its 18,400 employees as with its customers. For promising personnel there is a company school that provides a year's free instruction in executive skills; in 1964 it graduated 700 Triumph management trainees. It is known within the company as "the bra academy."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Flying Above the War

While the disastrous and seemingly endless war has disrupted South Viet Nam's fragile economy, it has increased the business of at least one company: the government-controlled commercial airline, Air Viet Nam. More and more Vietnamese travel or send their goods by air in order to avoid Viet Cong terror on roads and railroads.

With a motley of piston-powered planes, from puddle-hopping Cessnas to long-range DC-6s, and a single French Caravelle jet, Air Viet Nam last year boosted its freight tonnage 50% and its passenger loads 30% (to 305,000) on flights throughout the country and to Hong Kong, Bangkok and Singapore. Lately the company has expanded its modest fleet to 23 planes by chartering DC-3s from Taipei's China Air Lines and other planes from Air France (which has a 20.5% stake in Air Viet).

Even with the new planes, says President Nguyen Van Khai, 60, "we are short of planes, short of pilots and short of space." Air Viet has obtained Chinese crews along with the planes from



STEWARDESSES IN SAIGON
Up with service.

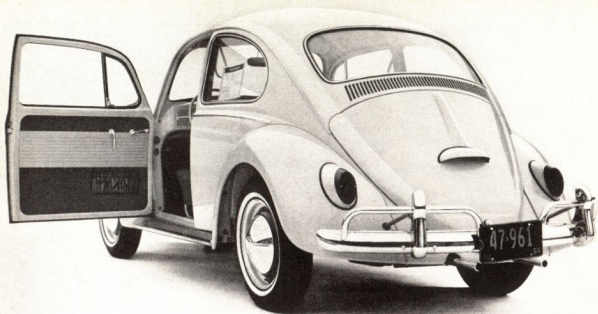
Formosa, started to hire U.S. civilian pilots, and persuaded the Saigon government to lend it the part-time services of four Vietnamese Air Force C-47 pilots. Of course, the shortages could quickly end if peace came to the country. Unlikely as that seems in the foreseeable future, the company fears being caught with excess capacity, hence the cautious policy of chartering rather than buying planes. Despite the added expenses of chartering, the company's average domestic passenger rate of 4.7¢ a mile is about 20% lower than equivalent rates in the U.S. Air Viet has operated in the black for four years without any direct government subsidy, this year expects to exceed 1964's record earnings of \$500,000.

Flying under wartime conditions is predictably difficult. Because civilian travel is banned at night, all flights must be crammed into daylight hours. At Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airport, the company's planes must queue up on the runways and wait their turn with long lines of Vietnamese Skyraiders and U.S. jet fighters, revving up for missions against the Reds. But the company has compiled a fair record of promptness and safety (one crash, in 1962), and its cabin service is noted in the Far East. First-class passengers dine on steaks, French wines and cheeses, served by multilingual hostesses in flowing blue and white gowns; one of the girls last year married South Viet Nam's current Premier, Nguyen Cao Ky.

The amenities above are not enough to make the passengers forget the war below. Viet Cong snipers occasionally pepper the planes—but have failed to bring any of them down. On a recent flight between Saigon and Danang, passengers in the high-flying Caravelle stared down in fascination at U.S. Phantom jets making low-level passes at the jungle-covered Viet Cong.



GERMAN UNDERWEAR MODELS
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MILESTONES

Marriage Revealed. Vincent Edwards, 37, TV's surly, suture-self surgeon (*Ben Casey*); and Kathy Kersh, 22, a Rheingold Miss (1962) turned TV actress (*My Favorite Martian*); both for the first time; in Hollywood last month.

Died. Eleanor Lindsay Schieffelin, 47, Long Island socialite, only sister of New York City's Republican Congressman and Mayoral Candidate John Vliet Lindsay, wife of Boat Manufacturer Cooper Schieffelin; apparently of accidental drowning in the family estate's 40-ft. pool, where she swam every night before retiring; in Laurel Hollow, L.I.

Died. Francis Adams Cherry, 56, a former Arkansas Governor (1953-55), chairman of the Subversive Activities Control Board, who led the probe of the once powerful International Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union, in 1961 found it Communist-infiltrated; of a heart attack; in Washington.

Died. Adlai Ewing Stevenson, 65, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, former Governor of Illinois and twice the Democratic presidential candidate; of a heart attack; in London (see THE NATION).

Died. Boris Mikhailovich Artzybashev, 66, one of the art world's most engaging innovators and TIME cover artist (see Publisher's Letter); of a heart attack; in Lyme, Conn. Born in Czarist Russia, the son of a distinguished novelist-playwright, he fought with the Ukrainian army against the Communists in the civil war that followed the 1917 Revolution, emigrated in 1919 to the U.S. with only 14¢ in Turkish coins, worked as an engraver and house painter before achieving recognition for his meticulous drawings of humanized machines and mechanized humans. He produced four one-man exhibits in Paris, illustrated more than 50 books, wrote two children's fables (*Poor Shyduallah*, *Seven Sincons*), designed ballet settings, women's clothes, murals, and a Parisian cathedral altar—all of which he created in the belief that "any object which is beautiful and useful" becomes art.

Died. Jacques Séraphin Audiberti, 66, leading French avant-garde playwright, novelist and poet, a surrealist who enlivened the French stage in 1946 with *Quoat-Quoat*, a bitter commentary on self-martyrdom, and in 19 other plays depicted the conflict of good and evil in a jarring mixture of scatological slang and 16th century classicism, in 1962 causing near riots when the most scandalous of all, *The Ant in the Body*, was consecrated at France's venerable Comédie-Française; of cancer; in Paris.

Died. Lars ("Larry") Rue, 72, oldest active U.S. foreign correspondent, stationed in Bonn, an astute, barnstorming political reporter, onetime Paris and London bureau chief for the Chicago Tribune, who in five decades covered nearly every major European political event, often in his own Gipsy-Moth biplane, giving vivid accounts of King Feisal's 1920 enthronement in Damascus, the Russian famine of 1921, Hitler's Munich putsch, the East Berlin and Hungarian uprisings; following a heart attack; in Bad Godesberg, Germany.

Died. William Jerome McCormack, 74, New York City waterfront's tough, shadowy "Mr. Big," a millionaire industrialist and labor manipulator who began his career at 15 as wagon boy on a onehorse truck, wound up owner of a large stevedoring concern and assorted oil, sand-and-gravel, barge, dredging and contracting companies, and became easily one of the most influential forces in the fierce jungle of the city docks; of a heart attack; in Greenwich, Conn.

Died. Spencer Williams, 75, Negro jazz composer and pianist who, in a long career beginning in 1915, turned out a hit parade of pop standards that included *I Ain't Got Nobody*, *Basin Street Blues*, *Twelfth Street Rag*, *Careless Love and She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain*; of cancer; in New York City.

Died. James Thomson Shotwell, 90, distinguished Canadian-born U.S. diplomat and historian (editor of the 150-volume *Economic and Social History of the World War*), longtime (1908-42) Columbia University history professor, past president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and tireless advocate of international political cooperation, who served as U.S. delegate to the 1918 Versailles peace conference, founder of the International Labor Organization and International Court, chairman during World War II of the Shotwell Commission to study peace, and member of the U.N. Charter-drafting committee; of a stroke; in Manhattan.

Died. John William Haussermann, 97, the Philippines' "gold king," a one-time Leavenworth, Kansas attorney who fought in the Spanish-American War in Manila and stayed on to become the city's leading lawyer, took over the bankrupt Benguet Consolidated Mining Co. and built it into a \$100 million empire before the 1941 Japanese invasion, returned from the U.S. after the war to reconstruct the heavily damaged property, making it one of the world's largest producers of gold; following a stroke; in Cincinnati.



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"MIDDLEMAN'S" TROOBICK & HARTY
Hated the garbage.

Guilty

Harvey Middleman, Fireman. "Why shouldn't you feel guilty? Aren't you a normal American man?" asks Family Counselor Hermione Gingold. Thereby hangs the tale, and perhaps the whole significance, of Harvey Middleman—fireman, husband, father, and suburban schlemiel. His home, job, wife and children are all lovely in their way, but Harvey (Eugene Troobnick) detests taking out the garbage—for him the symbol of drab conformity. One day he carries a lissome blonde (Patricia Harty) from a burning brownstone. "I'm Harvey," he says hoarsely. "I'm Lois," she whispers, stirring in his arms. They kiss, and Harvey abandons himself to guilty passion until the night his lady-love asks him to carry down a brown paper bag on the way out.

Harvey's creator is 33-year-old Ernest Pintoff, a gifted animator who put outside satirical bite into such prizewinning cartoon shorts as *The Interview*



"INFIDELITY'S" CASSEL & VITTI
Boxed by triangles.

and *The Critic*. In his first full-length feature in color, Pintoff has harnessed live actors to a dead horse. *Harvey Middleman* exudes a bogus air of originality, but is seldom funny enough to make its simplicity seem unpretentious.

Shaking the Bedclothes

High Infidelity draws and quarters the subject of extramarital dalliance, figuratively shaking the bedclothes to uncover four zesty episodes of an Italian comedy distinguished now for lively direction, now for superior performances. Its format is a series of irregular triangles edged with homosexuality, fetishism, jealousy and greed.

In *The Scandal*, Hero Nino Manfredi, whose face is a blah-relief of middle-class mores, skillfully portrays a vacationing businessman who imagines an intrigue between his voluptuous young wife (Fulvia Franco) and a handsome archaeologist—until he gets a bizarre surprise. Manfredi is nearly matched by Monica Vitti, using every tic of her tragicomic trade in *The Victim*, an offbeat ode to a jealous wife who harangues her husband out of the house. When his best friend (Jean-Pierre Cassel) stops by, she pours out her troubles while he paws out his sympathy. Result: an orgy of absent-minded surrender.

Director Elio Petri is deft and stylish with an escapade between a svelte, sexually inhibited matron (Claire Bloom) and an ardent industrialist (Charles Aznavour). After chasing around the tycoon's sumptuous beach house, the lady reveals that her whim for today is rough stuff in a sleazy motel room—a touch of aberration that is clue to a conventional surprise ending. In the last episode, *Modern People*, directed with rich detail and folksy color by Mario Monicelli (*Big Deal on Madonna Street*), a cheese dealer (Ugo Tognazzi) offers his wife to a creditor in payment of his gambling losses, only to learn the high cost of cuckoldry.

Like most episodic films, *High Infidelity* offers variety; yet it finally lacks the consistent style and the stamp of personality that can weld four well-told parts into a worthwhile whole.

Bunking a Legend

Harlow, clattering into theaters hard on the heels of Producer Bill Sargent's fast-buckte Electronovision film of the same title, is the best movie to be made this year about Hollywood's legendary platinum blonde—which means simply that it is bad in a big, bold way.

Obviously based on Irving Shulman's "intimate biography," this gaudy, highly publicized valentine from Producer Joseph E. Levine stars Carroll Baker, suitably bleached and lacquered, as the Blonde Bombshell. Actually, Actress Baker seems more the bomb bombshell, as she shallowly traces the famous footsteps that led Harlow from Kansas

City to Hollywood scandal, tragedy, and death from uremic poisoning in 1937 at age 26. Under Gordon Douglas' direction, the film takes frequent side trips into those gossamer realms of fiction where high seriousness begins to sound suspiciously like high camp.

"Oh, Mama, all they want is my body," sobs Jean the bit player, explaining to her sex-centered mother that she has declined to court fame on the casting couch. "I knew you were too young for this business," says Mama.

Jean resists the lecherous counsel of Mama and her sponging stepfather (played with gusto by Raf Vallone) but finds a friend in kindly Arthur Landau (Red Buttons), the actors' agent who



"HARLOW'S" BAKER & ADMIRER
Caught in the cold.

in real life raked up most of the muck packed into Shulman's scurrilous best-seller. "You have the body of a woman and the emotions of a child," Landau tells her. Soon Jean's reputation is made by a ruthless producer whose playboy-ant lair features a bedroom equipped with a Roman-size bath, a circular bed, mirrors, and an adjoining jungle paradise with torrential downpours on tap. His succinct proposition: "Do you think you can be comfortable here?"

Vainly pursuing the womanly fulfillment that her pictures teach, the star weds impotent Movie Executive Paul Bern (Peter Lawford). After his suicide, poor Jean plunges into moral decay, and eventually wanders off alone to the beach in a sli-ck black formal, as good a way as any to catch a fatal cold. Since its script has already succumbed to silliness back in the first reel, the latest filmflam *Harlow* will be mourned by few.

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Saint of Science

MICHAEL FARADAY by L. Pearce Williams. 531 pages. Basic Books, \$12.50.

Michael Faraday (1791-1867) is an everlasting wonder of the scientific world. His father was a blacksmith, and his education was limited to attendance at Sunday school, but in a lifetime of intellectual labor he transformed himself, most professionals agree, into the greatest experimental scientist who ever lived. He induced the first electric current, developed the first dynamo and with it the possibility of electric power,



STEEL ENGRAVING OF FARADAY IN HIS LAB
Breaching the Newtonian universe.

created the science of electrochemistry and with it a primary implement of modern industry, blasted the first big breach in the Newtonian universe and laid down the foundations of both classical and contemporary field theory.

In this definitive new biography by Dr. L. Pearce Williams, who teaches the history of science at Cornell, Faraday is described with affection and his work with impressive lucidity. Anybody who knows enough about electricity to screw in a light bulb can follow most of Faraday's experiments as they are described in this book, and the occasional puzzling paragraph can only intensify the suspense of a scientific epic that is also a harrowing intellectual thriller.

A Stroke of Luck. Faraday grew up in a London slum. His parents were kindly, God-fearing and bone poor—the boy at times had nothing to eat but bread and water. At 14, he was apprenticed to

a bookbinder-bookseller who took a shine to the likely lad and let him browse through his library. At 20, Michael began to attend scientific lectures, and at 21 he suffered a fateful stroke of luck. He caught the eye of Sir Humphrey Davy, the greatest chemist in England, who hired him as an assistant and whisked him off to the Continent on a Grand Tour that lasted 18 months and introduced the blacksmith's boy to many of the greatest intellects of the era. Back in England, Davy established Faraday as superintendent of apparatus in the laboratory of the Royal Institution.

In a society dominated by the idea of aristocracy, this child of the slums was universally recognized as a great man in embryo. His mind was brilliant and his character founded on the Rock of Ages—he was a devout adherent of the Sandemanians, a gentle sect of fundamentalists. He looked like a sawed-off Lincoln, and like Lincoln he was earthy, realistic, modest. His pursuit of science was essentially a search for God. "These," he once said of the physical laws, "are the glimmerings we have of the second causes by which the one Great Cause works his wonders and governs the earth."

The Breakthrough. All through his 20s, Faraday was delayed in his scientific development by the ghastly gaps in his education. He was a magnificent "poetical" theorist, but his spelling was a sin and his math a calamity. Unable to make mathematical demonstrations, he was forced to execute physical proofs. Experiment was his instrument, and he employed it with prodigious ingenuity to demolish the world as science saw it in his day.

First off, Faraday began to suspect the materialistic complacencies of Laplace and Lavoisier and to meditate the provocative proposition of Immanuel Kant: "Matter fills space, not by its pure existence, but by its special active force." Force and its functions were dramatized for Faraday when Hans Christian Oersted discovered that a wire carrying electrical current could deflect the needle of a compass. To Faraday, the implications were cosmic: was the electrical force, which seemed to surround the wire, actually a circular force? If so, how could a circular force exist in a universe where, according to Newton, all forces moved in straight lines?

In 1821, Faraday erected a classically elegant experiment to test the circularity of electricity. "A wire free to revolve around a magnetic pole was connected to a galvanic circuit. When the current was turned on, the wire rotated around the magnet." Conversely, by revolving the magnet around the wire, Faraday converted electricity into work—and produced the first electric motor.

The Breakdown. Ten years later, Faraday made another major breakthrough. Taking a large iron ring, he wound two lengths of copper wire around it at

points diametrically opposed. One wire he attached to a battery, the other to a galvanometer. The instant he touched the wire to the battery, the ring became an electromagnet, and the needle on the galvanometer twitched to indicate that a current was passing through the second wire. Faraday had discovered electromagnetic induction—for the first time, a magnet had produced a current of electricity. Within two months, he developed the first primitive dynamo and produced the first continuous current of electricity. Within two years, he had experimentally established "the identity of electricities"—that static, magnetic, voltaic, thermal and animal electricity are merely different forms of the same force. He also determined that electricity is an inherent property of all matter. In 1833, Faraday plunged into the problems of electrochemistry, and within a year he had developed a new science with its own laws and language (anode, cathode, electrode, electrolysis, ionization).

After eight years of brain-battering creation, Faraday had a nervous collapse. For the next five years, he was pitifully dependent on his wife, a warm-hearted woman who cheerfully consented to be "the pillow of his mind." In 1845, though his nerves were only partly repaired, Faraday plunged into his second great period of creative activity. In the next 15 years he exhaustively investigated the effects of magnetism on light, the magnetic properties of gases, the magnetic behavior of crystals, and the curious phenomenon of reverse magnetism (diamagnetism).

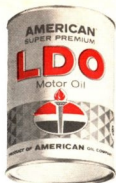
The Final Ideas. By 1860, Faraday had totally reconstructed the Newtonian descriptions of electricity, magnetism, gravity, light and space. Among his culminating conceptions: "Force constitutes matter."—"A lump of ponderable matter imposes a strain upon the place in which it exists, and this strain extends throughout space to infinity."—"Electricity, magnetism and gravitation are propagated along lines of strain."—"The laws of nature are the laws of the interaction of various forms of strain."

Worn out by his lifelong gigantic struggle to comprehend the universe his Maker had made, Michael Faraday sank slowly into senility and died at 75. His profoundest intuitions are preserved and developed in Albert Einstein's General Field Theory, and the crackling thunderbolt he plucked from his imagination has transformed the planet.

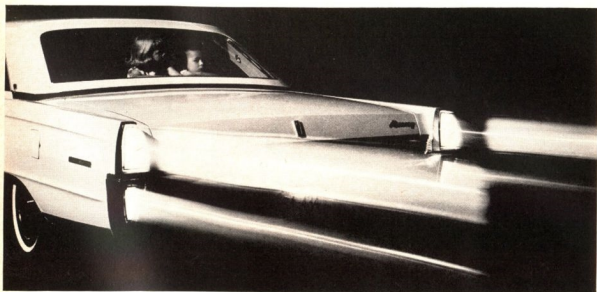
Down on the Rooftop

THE CAREFUL WRITER by Theodore M. Bernstein. 487 pages. Atheneum, \$7.95.

Almost anyone can spot the glaring flaws in this sentence: "I ain't got no pencil." But the English language can set subtler traps. What's the difference, for instance, between sewerage and sewage? Is the word "whereabouts" singular or plural? When does a pupil become a student? Find the errors in these



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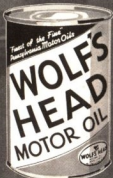
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sentences: "Dave Beck pleaded innocent today to a charge of grand larceny." "At least twelve hawks are making their homes atop city skyscrapers and zooming down to snatch pigeons." "Mr. Smith was changing a flat tire when a second car collided with his automobile." "The bulk of Mr. Getty's fortune is self-made."

One man who knows most of the answers is Ted Bernstein, assistant managing editor of the New York Times and the paper's unofficial grammarian.* His wry bulletins to the staff have disciplined loose Times talk for 14 years. Compiled into two books, *Watch Your Language* and *More Language That Needs Watching*, they have sold nearly 100,000 copies and have established Bernstein as a guide whose influence is not confined to journalism. *The Careful Writer* could be subtitled *The Compleat Bernstein*.

The book's 2,000-odd entries are alphabetized, but that is about the only concession to order. Otherwise, Bernstein consulted only the rules defining "clarity, precision and logical presentation"—plus the generally reliable canons of his own taste. This makes for a journey past the shoals and promontories of English usage that is more casual than comprehensive, but frequently edifying and unfailingly illuminated by the Bernstein wit.

The venial sins against the language seem to amuse rather than affront him. Under **ROOFTOP**, he complains mildly: "What would a rooftop be, anyway? Use *housetop* or just plain *roof*." He quotes a recipe, "Now throw in two tablespoons full of chopped parsley and cook ten minutes more. The quail ought to be tender by then." Then Bernstein makes his point: "Never mind the quail, how are we ever going to get those tablespoons tender? The word is *tablespoonfuls*, no matter how illogical it seems."

Laugh When It Hurts

LET ME COUNT THE WAYS by Peter De Vries. 307 pages. Little, Brown. \$5.

No reader has any business being amused, or even feeling comfortable, in the company of Peter De Vries. At one irrepressible level, the man masquerades as a humorist, perfectly capable of reeling out one outlandishly felicitous conceit after another. The conceits abound in this book. "Get divorced while you're young," says one character to another. This is not funny. It is in the same key as that timeless anecdote of the Indian victim, trussed and scalped, who is asked

by his saviors if he is in any pain. "Only when I laugh," he says.

It is time to end the masquerade. De Vries stands appalled at the equations of life, and cracks tragic jokes about it. The stuff of *Let Me Count the Ways* would be funny if De Vries' characters didn't bleed. Is it comedy or tragedy, for instance, when Stanley Waltz, the Polack piano mover in this slice of Midwestern life, ruptures himself trying to haul his piano-sized paramour into the bedroom? Is it really hilarious that Stanley spends night after night in his own yard watching his own wife undress, and must then justify this irrational behavior to the police? And when another misadventure exposes him to public humiliation, what



PETER DE VRIES
In extremis.

is the proper reaction to Stanley's response, which is a hangover lasting twelve years? A guffaw?

"You begin with the fact that everything is awful. That any two people are mismatched, that nothing will work," says Tom Waltz, Stanley's son, who has been invited to escape the limitations of his fate at Polycarp, an educational institution in Slow Rapids, Ind., where the Waltz grass dies every summer. He is more grammatical than his old man, but that is all. He too is a prisoner, trapped by circumstance and surrounded by the De Vries wit, which leaks out all over. And why does it? Because, *in extremis*, scalped and trussed, there is only one thing to do. Laugh.

Inside Story

INTERVIEW by Doctor X. 404 pages. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

"People think of surgery," writes the author, "as a grim, tense business with the surgeon snapping 'Scalpel!' and 'Clamp!' and everything going along in dramatic silence except for the click, click of instruments. This is just a lot of hogwash. About half the time the surgeon is telling dirty jokes with the

* Bernstein's answers: sewerage is the system through which sewage flows. Whereabouts is singular. A pupil becomes a student, according to Bernstein anyway, upon entering high school. Since U.S. justice presumes a defendant's innocence, Beck did not plead innocent; he pleaded not guilty. Hawks, etc. zoom in one direction only: up. It takes two moving cars to collide. Mr. Getty made his fortune; it did not make itself.

fixed intent of embarrassing the scrub nurse. The rest of the time there is bickering, or gossip, or talk about how things were last winter in Palm Springs, or how many suction cups on a squid's tentacles, or whether a woman has an orgasm at the instant she is hanged. Of course, there are times when you just shut up and work."

From this passage it should be quite clear that Dr. X, a physician now in practice, has no intention of deifying the man in white. Some of his colleagues may conclude, though wrongly, that his purpose is to destroy medicine's meticulously protected public image. The book logs the author's internship year at an unidentified metropolitan hospital in the Southwest, just as he recounted it into a tape recorder at odd moments snatched from duty. Its candor conceals nothing but the true names of patients and staff. The result is a rare and unforgettable account of that underpaid, overworked, fumble-fingered and annealing process by which the medical-school graduate at last earns the right to practice.

Some readers will depart these pages vowing to die rather than set foot in another hospital. Many of Dr. X's glimpses of what goes on there are indeed horrifying. An obstetrician funks a difficult delivery, leaving it up to the intern, who has never presided over any birth at all, much less a critical one. An addicted nurse steals morphine from her patients. A surgeon carelessly ties off the wrong artery in a simple operation; gangrene sets in and the patient not only loses her leg but is charged \$3,000 in hospitalization and extra surgery charges resulting from the surgeon's error.

Despite such horror stories, the book's effect is reassuring. Once a week, at 7:15 in the morning, the hospital staff convenes for a no-holds-barred critique of its own performance. "I wonder how many laymen," writes Dr. X, "ever even dream that 60 of the city's doctors gather voluntarily for the sole purpose of keeping themselves sharp and on their toes?" For every lapse of skill, *Intern* cites ten occasions where a brilliant diagnosis, or a skillful stroke of the scalpel, frustrated man's ultimate enemy.

Once & Future Continent

AMERICA AT LAST by T. H. White.
250 pages. Putnam. \$4.95.

Novelist T. H. White first saw America through the magic casements of *Camelot*. To his immense surprise, Englishman White fell in love with the ruddy country—or what he saw of it between tryouts of the Lerner-Loewe musical based on his tetralogy, *The Once and Future King*. He vowed to return, and his opportunity came in late 1963, when he was booked for a three-month lecture tour that was to take him all over the U.S.

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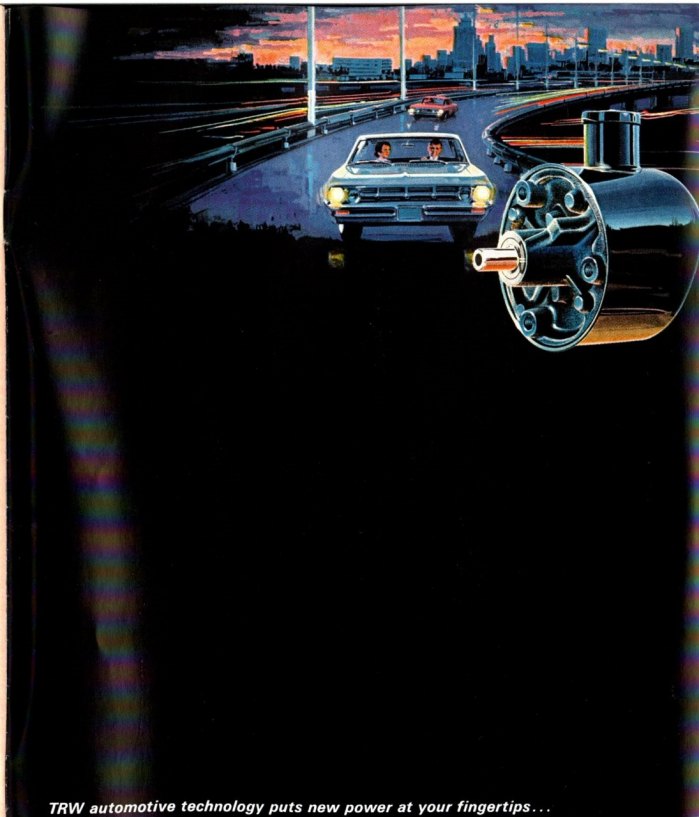


T. H. WHITE
Addicted.

who descend on the U.S. for a few weeks and condescend forever after. White brought with him an open mind, sharp eyes and immense erudition. His journal, conscientiously pieced together between lecture engagements and airport departures, is largely a testament to the diversity of the U.S. Whether describing a loggerhead shrike in North Carolina or an egghead racist in New Orleans, wandering over Beverly Hills ("reminds you of the environs of Florence and Fiesole") or Washington, D.C. ("the chalk-white city half in love with Time"), White displayed even in this disjointed, unedited chronicle the wit and insight that made his novels classics in their author's lifetime.

White admitted that on such a tour he was bound to see "the best of America, the young, the enthusiastic, the idealistic, the hopeful to learn." He perceived nonetheless that Americans can be crass, narrow-minded and dismayingly conformist. Confined to a New Orleans hospital throughout the ordeal of President Kennedy's assassination and burial, he sensed that the whole nation shared something akin to "a schoolboy's innocent guilt." But White felt that the U.S. today is "something like a modern Elizabethan England" and concluded that "people who live in Renaissances are apt to live with violence." By the end of his three month visit, he had become "an addict to America—worse than alcohol."

His two addictions were his undoing. Worn out by his trip and weakened by whisky that he soaked up after—but never during—his lecture tour, he died a month after sailing from New York. He had intended to read dozens of volumes of Americana before publishing his journal. As it is, despite inaccuracies, repetitions and typographical errors that would have dismayed him, White's vision of this once and future continent should be read by every Englishman who visits the U.S.—particularly if he intends to write about it.



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